

A Third Balinese Journal

1980 and 1983

by

Rosemary Hilbery

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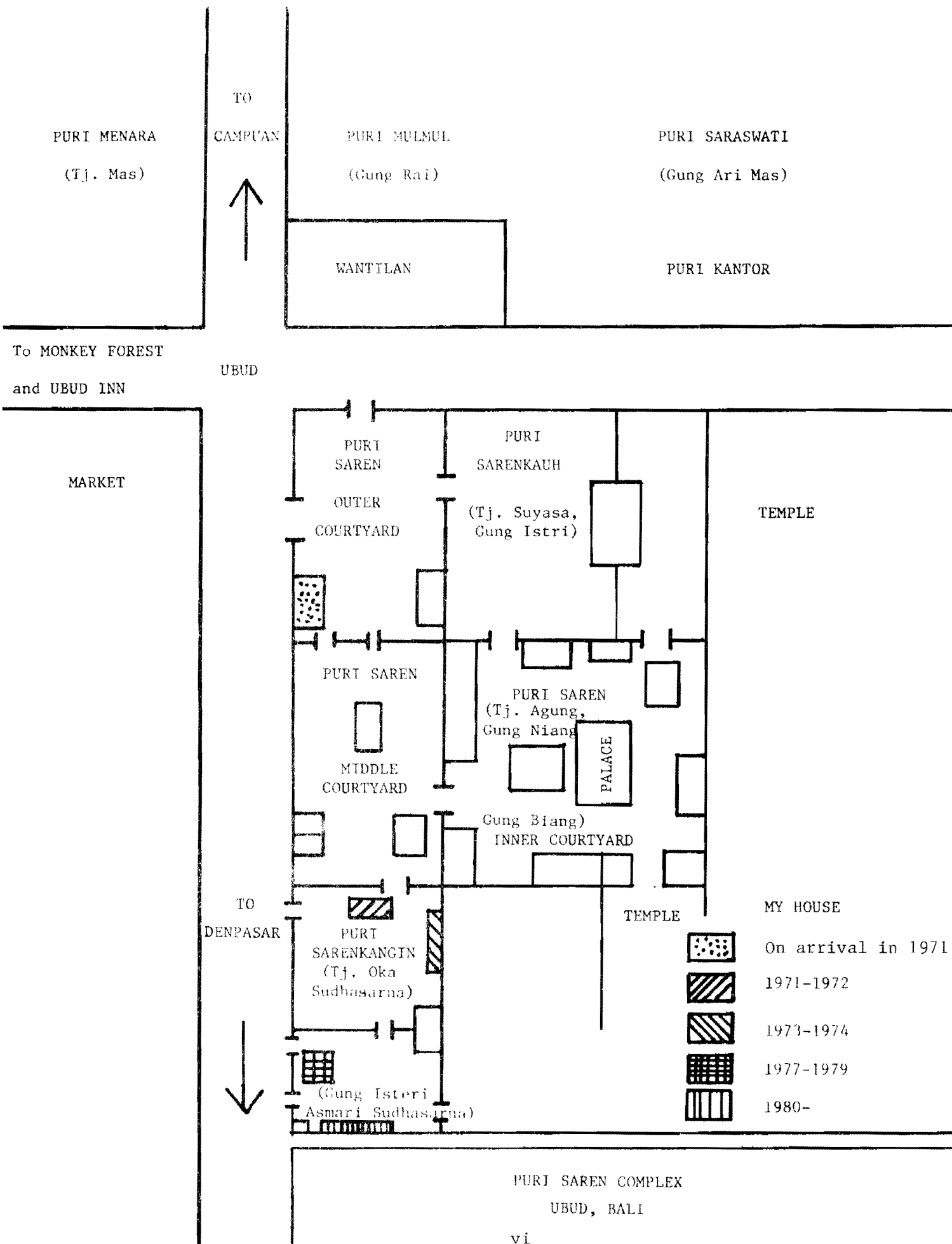
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## Glossary

- Abimanyu: a drama that depicts a story from the Mahabharata, the Hindu epic. Abimanyu is also a character in the Mahabharata.
- agung: literally, "big." It is also a name or title.
- alang alang: a special type of long, very tough broad grass used for thatching.
- alu: crocodile
- anak agung: title approximately the equivalent of princess or prince
- angklung: a small gamelan with metal keys used in processions. May also made entirely of bamboo and shaken.
- arja: Balinese opera
- babi guling: pig stuffed with spices and roasted on a spit or in the earth.
- bale: pavilion
- bale banjar: village committee meeting hall
- balian: traditional Balinese doctor
- banjar: village committee
- baris: warrior dance
- barong: mythical lion-like animal with strong powers for good
- bebek tutu: duck stuffed with spices and baked all night
- beno: small bus
- cungklik: musical instrument with bamboo slats suspended on string in a bamboo frame, which are struck with padded hammers
- dalang: puppeteer in shadow play performance
- dukun: traditional Balinese doctor
- gabor: offering dance
- gado gado: cold steamed rice, beanshoots, tomato, tofu, pounded peanuts, chili peppers, shoyu, and other sauces.
- galungan: public holiday when ancestral spirits return to their families for a fifteen-day visit
- gambang: a xylophone-like musical instrument made with slats of wood
- gambuh: old-style drama with flutes and violin
- gamelan: xylophone-like musical instruments, together with drums, gongs, flutes, and violin, forming an orchestra
- Garuda: large eagle-like bird with strong influence for good who tries to rescue Sita in the Ramayana story.
- guru: teacher
- ikat: a type of weaving in which the thread is pattern-dyed so that when woven the pattern falls into place
- janger: a dance performed by boys and girls together, with singing
- jauk: male masked dancer with special headdress and long fingernails
- joged: flirtatious dance with a story
- joged bungbung: flirtatious dance in which a female dancer skillfully evades with her fan and fast footwork the touch of a male dancer
- kebaya: Balinese woman's blouse with long sleeves and fitted waist
- kecak: choral monkey dance performed by about sixty men seated in a circle, part of the dance drama of the Ramayana story
- kris (keris): Balinese or Javanese short sword

kulkul: hollow logs that hang in banyan trees or temples that are beaten to give signals, announce meetings, and so on  
krupuk: crisp, shrimp-flavored rice chips  
lawa: raw blood mixed with bits of vegetables or meat and spices, sometimes poured rice or other food  
legong: a type of dance or type of gamelan  
lontar: book written on dried palm leaf  
Naga Banda: the effigy of the King Snake who is called upon in special cremations to guide the spirit of the deceased  
nasi campur: rice mixed with meat and vegetables  
nasi goreng: fried rice  
nasi kuning: yellow or saffron rice  
pedanda: high priest  
Pergembal: the rice-cake offering  
pisang goreng: fried banana  
prau: small fishing boat  
pura: temple  
Pura Dalem: Temple of the Dead  
pura desa: village temple  
puri: large house or palace  
puspa lingga: an outward symbol of the spirit of the deceased. It looks like a champagne bottle swathed in white cloth and is carried in a silver bowl on the head.  
Ramayana: Hindu epic on which the dance drama is based  
Rangda: a witch deity  
rejang: sacred dance performed as an act of devotion  
saron gong: an old musical instrument with a wood frame and metal keys  
sate: barbecued meat on a stick  
sawah: wet-rice field  
tambulilingan: bumblebee dance  
tempeh: soybean cracker  
tjokorda: a Balinese title approximately the equivalent of prince of princess (abbreviated Tj.)  
topeng: a musical instrument made of a long, low carved wooden frame along which are laid metal gongs. For the dance, this instrument has only one player, the dancer.  
wanji: the base on which offerings are taken to the temple  
wantilan: large open building used for public meetings  
warung: roadside coffee shop or food stall  
wayang kulit: shadow puppets, shadow puppet performance



## Foreword

In this, her third journal describing her unique experiences in Bali, Rosemary Hilbery continues the chronicles begun in 1971 (A Balinese Journal, 1971-1972) when she left an ordinary job to take an extraordinary journey in her own evolvment into an artist.

The interim twelve years between her acceptance into the heart of the royal family of Ubud and this present work have marked many changes in the author, in her adoptive Balinese family, and in Bali itself. In this most recent chapter, Rosemary's readers participate with her in two ceremonies—one marking an end and the other a beginning. The old king, Tj. Gde Agung Sukawati, the author's mentor, whose autobiography was dictated to Rosemary and published in Bali in 1983 (first published in Hawaii in 1980 as Reminiscences of a Balinese Prince), was given his final farewell in the traditional Second Cremation rites, and his eldest son, Tj. Gde Putra Sukawati, is wed.

Rosemary has recorded these events and the more mundane details in a Balinese village with affection and in careful detail in both her journal and her delicate watercolors. She is the rare individual who moves between disparate cultures, observing, participating, accepting, sometimes criticizing, but never rejecting simply because "they" are different. It is a role which adventurous English ladies have frequently played historically, and Rosemary follows in the spirit of these independent travelers who trusted their own intelligence and good sense to carry them to the distant corners of the earth and home again.

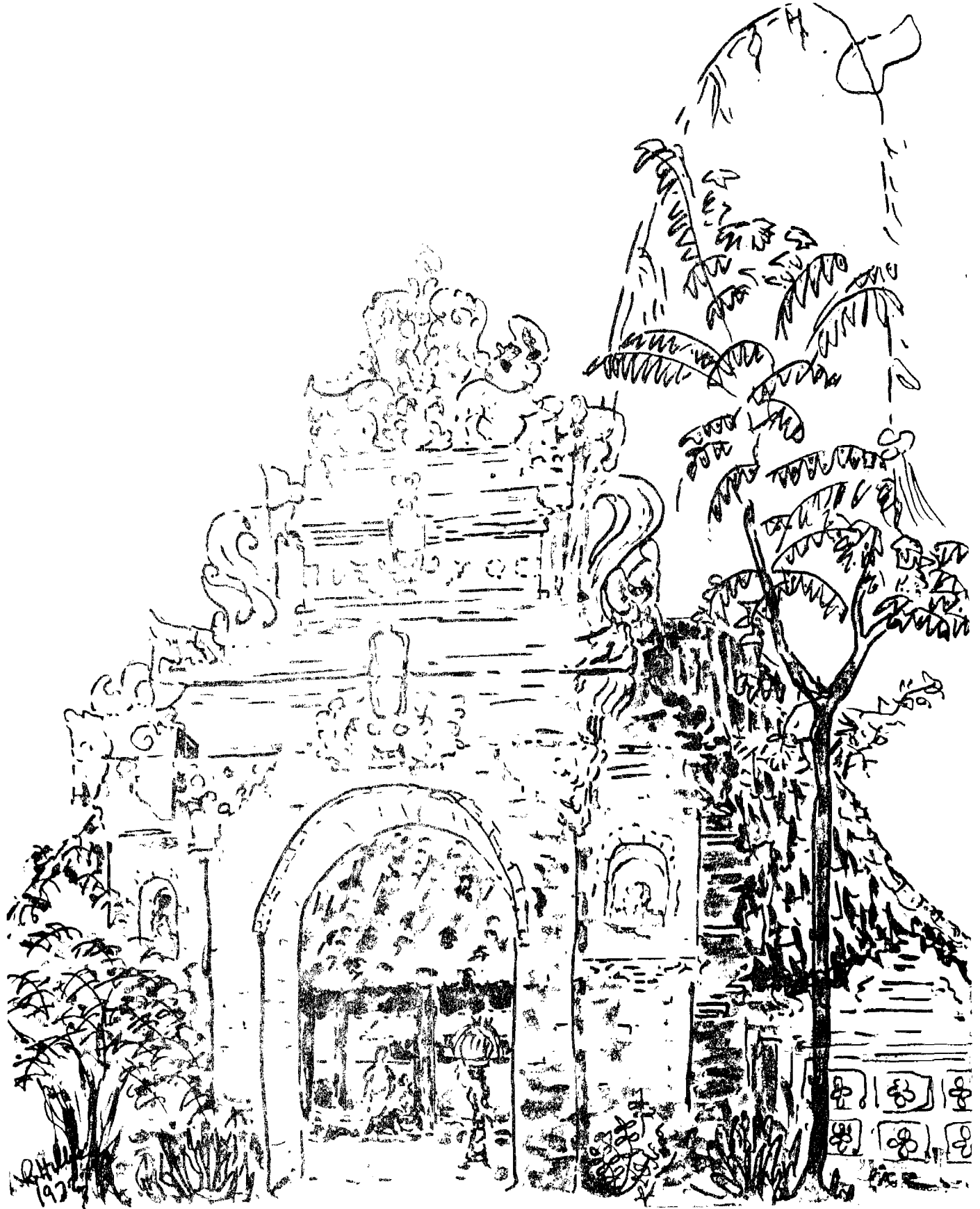
I count myself fortunate to have been a friend of Rosemary's since she came to Hawaii to make her home following her first sojourn in Indonesia, and I have observed her subsequent interior journey as a developing author and painter, dancer and actress. Those who have read her previous journals have noted her ability to bring her readers along with her in experiencing Bali. Even those Westerners who have themselves traveled to that magic isle comment upon Rosemary's gift for providing a very special perspective and understanding of an ancient culture.

Anak Agung Niang Sarenkangin (the name given to the author by Tjokorda Agung) has undoubtedly left a significant part of herself in Bali, but she has brought back to her readers an insightful record of life among the gentle Balinese who see and express beauty in every aspect of their behavior and who recognized and freed the artist in Rosemary Hilbery.

Judith M. Kirkendall



A Third Balinese Journal  
1980 and 1983



The Puri Saren  
The main gateway is seen from the outer courtyard

## Introduction

For those of you who have not already read my two previous journals, A Balinese Journal, 1971-1972 (Southeast Asia Paper No. 7) and A Balinese Journal Continued, 1973-1979 (Southeast Asia Paper No. 17), this third journal describes the events relating to the Second Cremation ceremonies in 1980 for Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati, with whose family I have always stayed while in Bali, and also the wedding ceremonies for his oldest son, Tjokorda Gde Putra Sukawati, which took place in 1983. You might say that the first two journals are about Agung and the third journal is about Agung and also his oldest son, who must now try to fulfill his duties as Agung's successor. The journals are also about life in the village of Ubud as I see it.

I have come to realize that I am in a unique position in the family. Agung included me in everything. I am therefore able to be present at special moments, and to have the pleasure of writing about them. In Western terms Agung's family is royalty. Until titles were abolished under Sukarno they were all princes and princesses (which is the rough equivalent of Tjokorda and Anak Agung, respectively). Agung was head of the families and thus would have been the king, as was his father, not of the whole of Bali, but of the Ubud area, which might be deemed to be of paramount importance.

Bali and Tjokorda Agung are very important to me. I cannot tell how much is Bali and how much Agung. I feel enormously grateful for what Bali did for me. When I arrived in Bali I was a legal secretary. When I left a year later I was an artist having completed at least eighty watercolors and numerous sketches, a writer of sorts having written my journal and being also in the process of transcribing Agung's memoirs, which he was still dictating to me (which now form Southeast Asia Paper No. 14), and a performer of Balinese dance, young in experience only. I am still enjoying all three activities.

My friends seem to see me as some sort of latter day Freya Stark. Actually what distinguishes me is the great age at which I finally erupted into these adventures. I wish I had started them earlier in life but I was not ready, and, of course, neither were the events which play so large a part in these journals.

I hope you will now read the first two journals so that you can follow the events in the village since 1971 and at the same time come to understand a very great deal more about Bali and even, maybe, learn a thing or two, as I think I did.



Man carrying coconuts

Part I: 1980  
The Second Cremation Ceremonies for  
Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati

I arrived in Ubud five days ahead of time in order that I might take part in some of the preparations for the Malygia Karia, or as it is sometimes translated, the Second Cremation for Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati, to begin on February 7, 1980. These final ceremonies which comprise the Second Cremation are for the purpose of setting Agung's purified spirit free. In the Cremation the body is purified by burning and the spirit freed. In the Second Cremation the spirit in the form of the puspa lingga is purified also by burning and the essence set free. This is at least the outward appearance of all the inner meanings of which I probably know very little.

February 1, 1980

I arrived very late at night, having flown direct from Honolulu via Hong Kong, Singapore, and Jakarta. My friend, Berata, had waited for me, and he drove me up to Ubud where we had some difficulty waking the family. They all came tumbling out of bed, but not Ktut, my faithful guardian and cook. I went straight to bed and slept till 6:30 in the morning.

February 2, 1980

Gusti Rai, who always looks after the family, cooked my breakfast, as Ktut is still not here. I am afraid he is sick again and do wonder what I shall do without him.

To my enormous surprise, I found that an Australian family who were here on my last visit are here again. They are staying next door with Tjokorda Oka as they did before.

I went to see Gung Niang, Agung's first wife in Puri Saren and I thought she looked very well. The courtyard was humming with activity,

everyone working on the preparations for the ceremonies comprising the second part of the cremation of Agung. About eighty young family members will have their teeth filed, among them Tj. Oka Sudhasarna's five sons, Gung Ari Mas's two daughters, Gung Isteri Sarenkauh's two sons, and many others that I know. Tooth filing consists of filing the bottom edge of the teeth into a straight line so that there are no dog-like fangs to prevent entry into the afterworld. Apart from this the actual reason has been obscured by time, but the ceremony does represent an entry into maturity. Although tooth filing can be done as part of a wedding, or as a separate ceremony, the Second Cremation ceremonies must include a tooth filing.

In my courtyard, the son of Gung Isteri, Tj. Gde, who is now a lawyer, has married a distant cousin from the Puri Mutiara. They live with Gung Isteri in her house in Denpasar. Tj. Gde's sister, Gung Sri, has become engaged to Tj. Putra, Agung's oldest son. They also are cousins. She is working as a secretary in one of the banks. Gusti Rai still makes all the offerings with the help of Gusti Putu, who also helps with the cooking. The two younger boys who were living here seem to have gone home but the two older ones are still here going to school every day and helping with the work. Both are promising artists in their spare time.

Gusti Rai gave me lunch and I was much relieved, as I do not like to have to eat out all the time. Ktut is obviously still unwell, which is very sad.

To my delight my two ducks, Honolulu and Waikiki, are still very much alive and now laying eggs for Gusti Rai, and she seems pleased. There are three small black goats tethered under the poinsettia tree, for use in the ceremonies I fear.

Great excitement! Gung Niang, Agung's twin sister, came to see me and as she was leaving she spotted a snake up in a coconut tree in front of the house. The two boys came running, having grabbed long bamboo poles with which they poked it out of the tree. From a very safe distance I saw it fall. The boys jabbed and banged at it till it died. It was about fourteen inches long, green and dangerous. I had not known that they climbed trees. Oh dear!

Atun, Agung's daughter, is in the puri with all her children and her husband will arrive from Surabaya tomorrow.

February 3, 1980

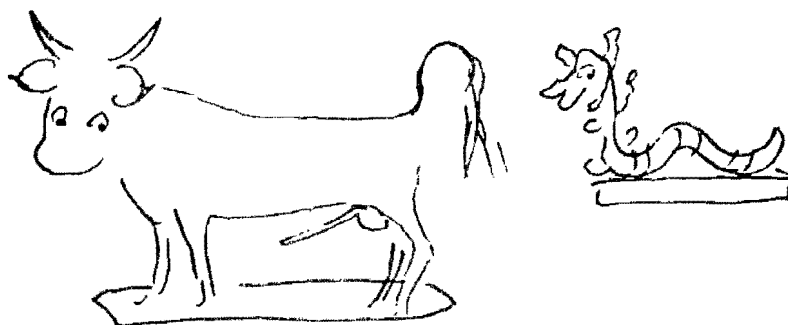
I do not know how to pay for my food. Gusti Rai will not take any money. It is raining hard but I was told to buy yellow cloth for a kebaya and a white scarf. I dashed off with the material to have it made up by three o'clock tomorrow afternoon.



I went to Agung's house temple to help make offerings. We made small round disks of rice paste; just roll it into a ball, press it nearly flat with the palms, and then make a depression in the center with the thumb—very easy. Then some sticky white stuff was put in a big bowl and we scooped a little out with a folded palm leaf and pasted a smear of it onto palm-leaf platters and cones. I got very stiff, so went to find Gung Sri. She was in the Puri Saren with the young girls making banana-leaf cones for flowers and leaves for praying. It took me many tries before I got this right. We filled the cones with flower petals and leaves, and a coin was stuck in the front. We all ate a lunch in the puri of lawu and pork, rice and vegetables. I went home, but after a shower and rest I returned and helped to sew the single yellow flowers made like rosettes from the family to wear pinned to their shoulders. I like to sew and it was very pleasant to sit on Agung's verandah with the young people.

I later went to see Tj. Mas, who has only recently returned from Holland. He says he has finished his autobiography and will have it translated into English. He has written it in Indonesian. He says he would like the Southeast Asia Papers to publish it. I said that it would need translating into English first.

Tj. Mas said that Asri, the Australian girl who married Tj. Alit, will have her teeth filed also. I think this will make her the first Westerner to take part in this ritual.

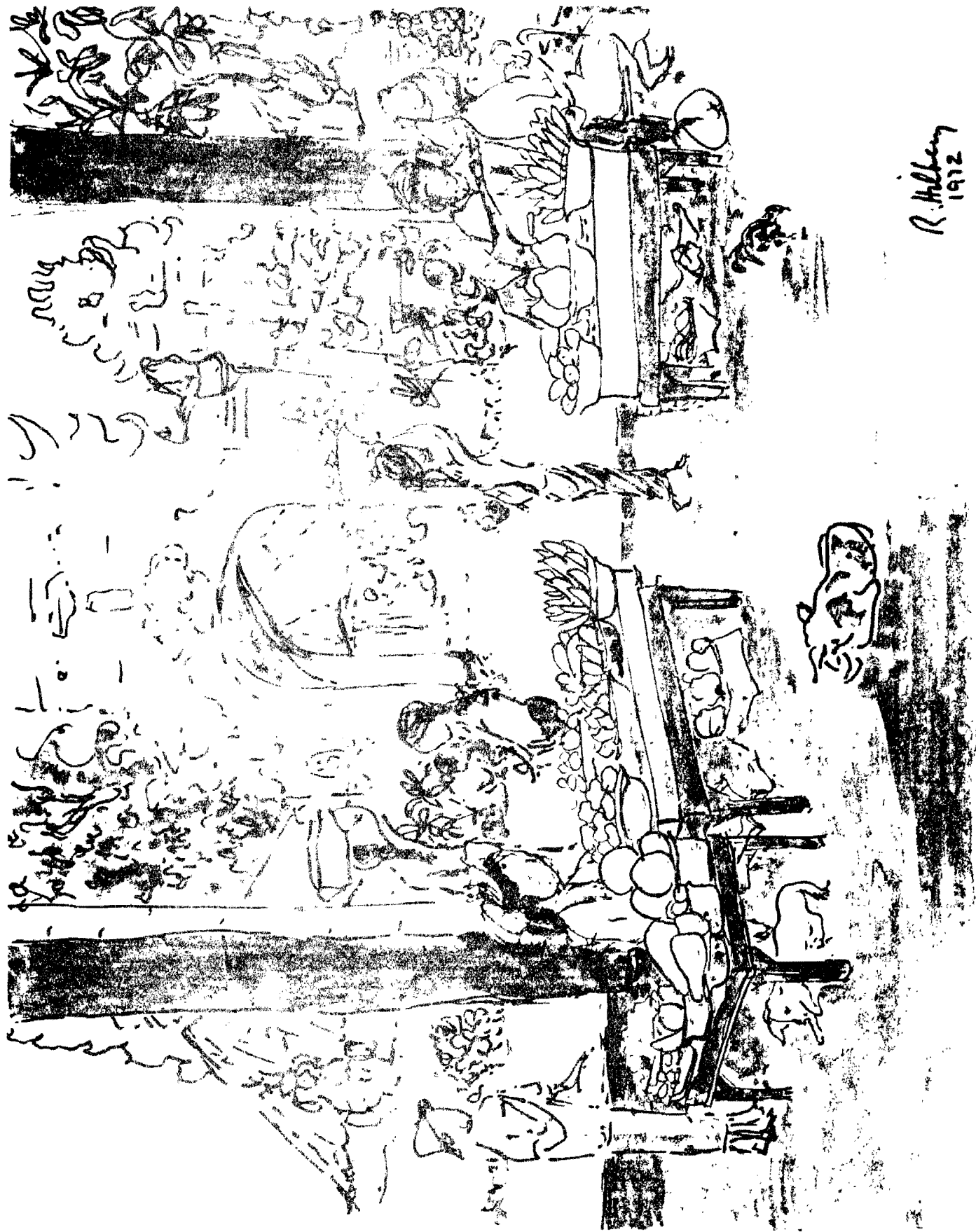


Two small offerings made by children,  
an effigy of a bull and an effigy of the Naga Banda

February 4, 1980

What a day! I prayed with Gung Isteri in our house temple and then went to Puri Saren to watch the cutting of the leaves of the banyan tree. We all waited from nine till noon. I was told to go home and eat and come back at 1:30. They were right. I heard the gamelan and rushed

The Puri Saren as seen from the wantilan opposite



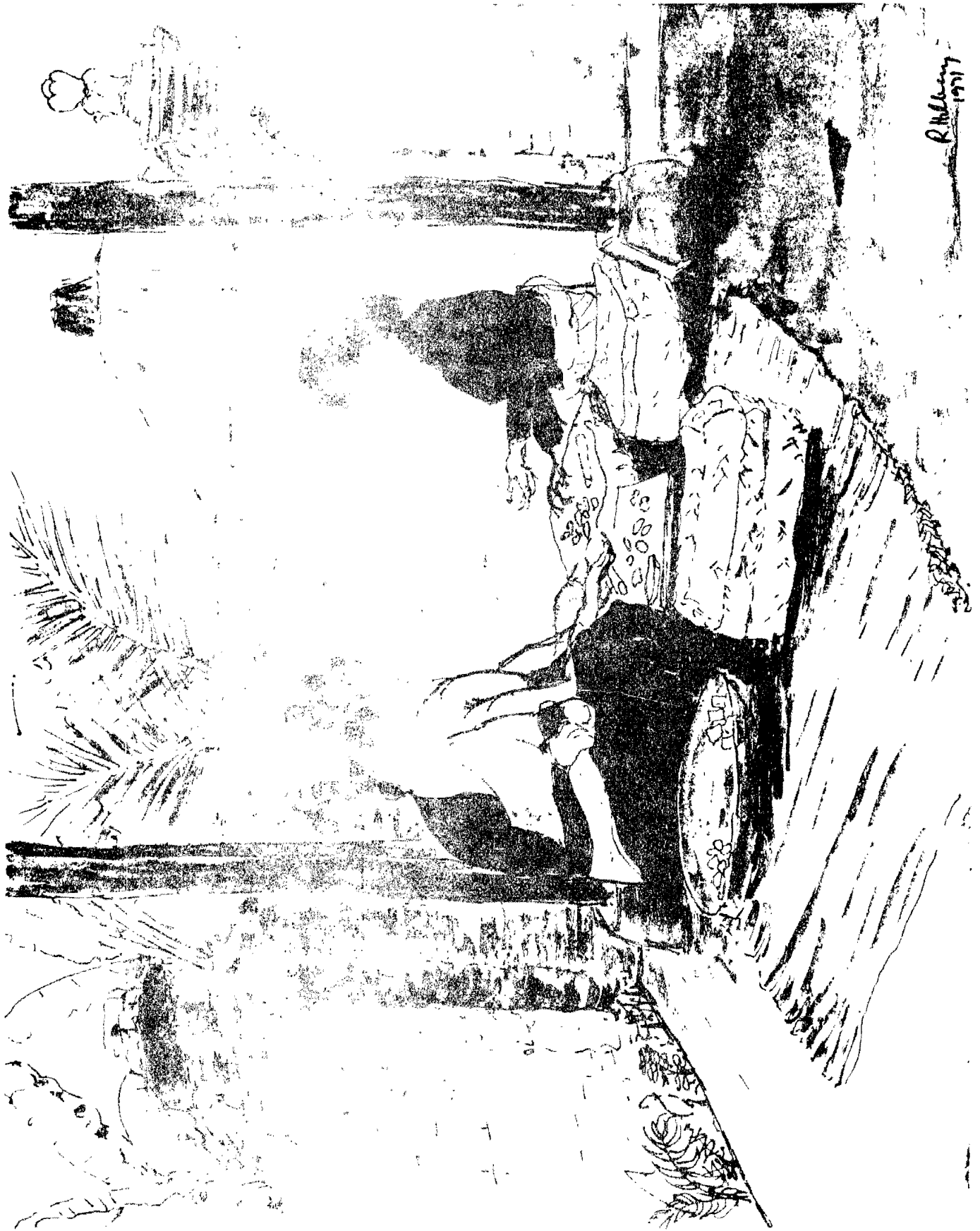
out to see a small group of people praying beneath the tree and others waiting, holding a mattress above their heads. We were all given white headbands and stood by while the branches were cut so as to fall on the many-legged mattress. We then went in procession to the first courtyard of the Puri Saraswati, which is a part of the temple behind the big lily pond. The courtyard now has a border of covered altars. In the center towards the back is a very high, roofed platform reached by a steep bamboo ramp on which the high priests (pedandas) will pray. The banyan branches had been placed up there. Behind this bale there is a raised platform, about shoulder height, with a bamboo walkway all around. On this platform the relatives of Agung will lie to have their teeth filed. Behind that again, there is another much higher platform for the puspa linggas of the family. This covered platform is reached by a bamboo ladder and has a bamboo walkway along the front.

At about 3:30 in the afternoon, now wearing our yellow kebayas, we walked in procession to Peliatan to fetch the special symbols. These I had already seen being made in the puri. They are hard to describe. They consist of a large round basket set on a bamboo trestle. The basket is about seven feet high, filled with innumerable offerings of every description, and completely covered with hanging, stiff white cut-out palm leaves. They are exceedingly heavy, and carried shoulder high. In the outer courtyard of the Puri Saren were three horses, or rather ponies, for Tj. Oka and Tj. Gde, Tj. Putra's second and third brothers, respectively, and Tj. Bagus Suyasa from Puri Sarenkauh. The procession started with a line of girls in long sarongs and high gold headdresses carrying flower offerings. They were followed by an angklung gamelan, then another line of girls in yellow kebayas carrying offerings in red bowls on their heads. Next came Tj. Putra sitting on a red and gold painted, carved chair carried shoulder high. He was followed by a beautiful young girl relative on a similar chair, with another angklung. All the rest of the family and friends followed hand in hand. In all, the procession was about one mile long. Our destination was the puri in Peliatan where, at Agung's cremation last year, we had collected the Naga Banda for the ceremonies. We all went into the second courtyard and knelt while the high priest prayed. After the prayers we again formed a procession and walked back home, taking with us the special symbols. The walk back from Peliatan in the dark with only lanterns to light the way was indeed a sight to remember. The two symbols were carried to the temple and placed on the platform where the tooth filing will take place. The pemangku (village priest) received them with prayers and everyone went home. We, the family, were invited to dinner in the Puri Mulmul next door.

February 5, 1980

I sat on Agung's verandah and sewed more yellow flowers for the family to wear. I began a drawing of the second courtyard, which is now most attractive with a small pond and bridge and many different-colored flowers and leaves. There is a constant coming and going over the bridge

Making molded rice offerings in the temple



R. H. H. 1971

of workers involved in the preparations for the ceremonies and also the many visitors from Bali and abroad. Most are dressed in sarongs, the women wearing kebayas and the men shirts, and all are wearing scarves round their waists. To sit and watch is a delight to the eye.

The Puri Saren now has some unexpected Western guests, two couples. the Puri Sarenkauh, which is next door, also has two older ladies staying there, both deeply touched by what they inadvertently fell into and wildly enthusiastic about it all. Agung's family, guests, and friends went to lunch at Puri Mulmul, consisting of many kinds of meat and vegetables and a salad of chopped carrots, potatoes, and red chili peppers. After lunch we crossed the road to Puri Menara, where two pedandas, special for the evil spirits, were beginning to pray. Fifteen to twenty pemangkus sat in a covered pavilion at one side and watched. We sat around the courtyard wherever there was a spare inch. I sat on a low, very damp stone wall covered with green moss. Asri's Australian mother said she wasn't going to get piles no matter what, but later she sat on it anyway, the risk notwithstanding, proving circumstances alter cases. Also, I might add, it was I who suffered an insect bite that later turned septic, proving that it is not piles that one must fear, but mandibles.

It was very surprising to see so many policemen. One almost never sees any. They only allowed a very few tourists into the courtyard. The Balinese villagers were also kept out on the road, but I understood why later. After we had all finished praying, the crowd surged in with shouts and wild stampeding to get to the offerings and tear them apart and take what they could. The rule is that the recipients must be men from another village, as this is a pure gift with nothing to be taken back home by the people of Ubud.

I went home and rested, and Gusti Rai fed me a most delicious dish of fern and bamboo shoots mixed together with the coconut, also Chinese peas and carrots and some fish, somewhat the texture of tuna but salty.

I was talking with some guests (intelligent professional people at that) who said they wondered whether the Balinese would have such elaborate festivals if they knew that no tourists were going to come. I was amazed to realize that many tourists actually think that the festivals are put on for them. Alas that anyone should think this. Never, and I repeat never, are dance or trance performances that are connected with a festival or related temple proceedings put on for anyone other than the spirits and Gods. The misconception may arise because occasionally chairs will be provided for Westerners to sit on, since few of them are willing to stand or sit on the ground, and a charge may be made. The charge is for the chair, not the performance. It is appalling that this should have to be said, but it is a measure of how hard it is for a Westerner, particularly a European, to accept how materialistic we have become. We do not see it until a situation like this one occurs. Organized religion, as the West knows it, is 99 percent money.

At this stage, I can only wonder if I am not really making a thinly veiled attempt to make people rethink their Western standards, particularly so far as life they live. More than that, I would wish that people in our camp learn our ideas on other people that we learn their ideas and, where necessary, improvement, change our own. We have so much to learn from the world, but who is learning?

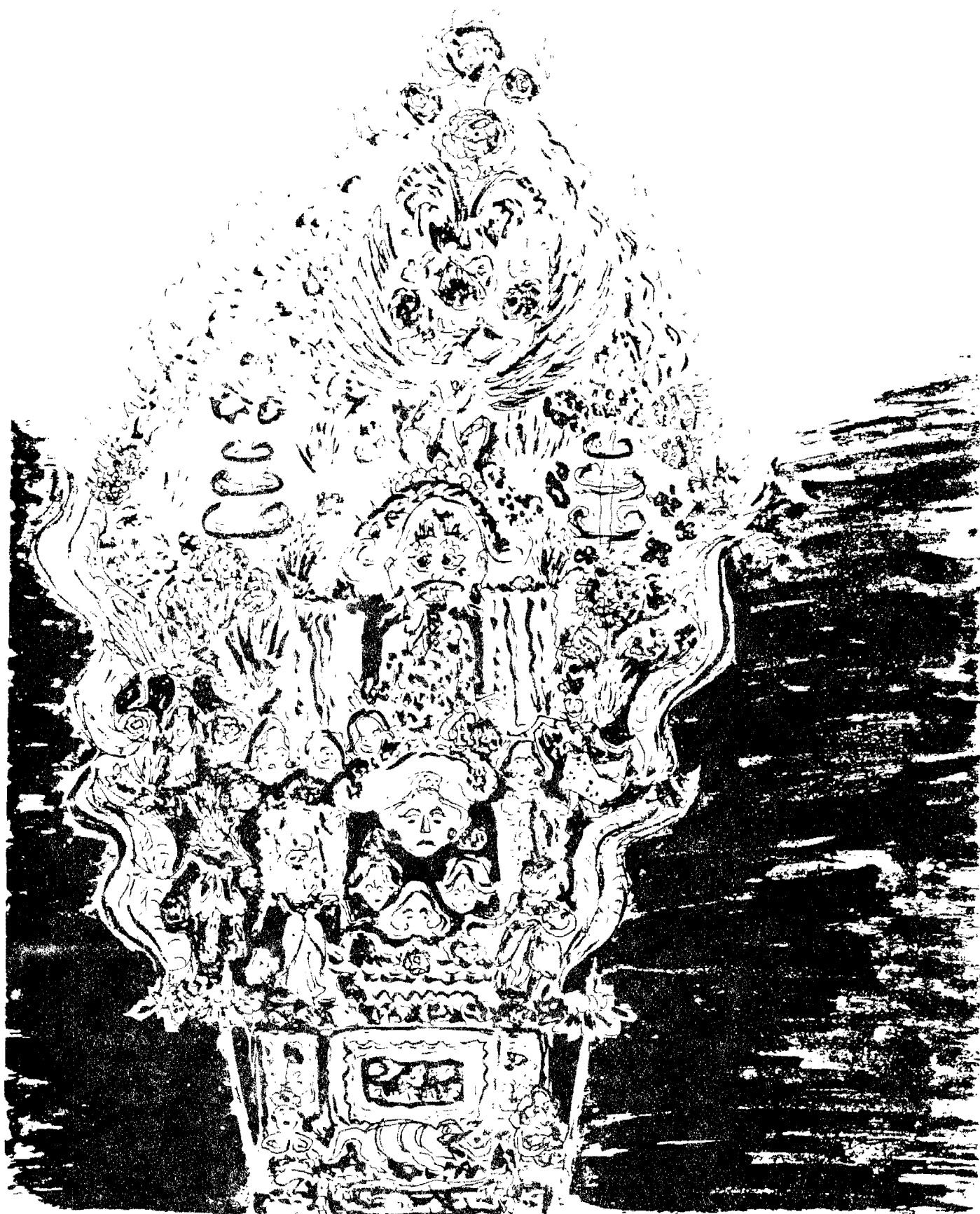
The growing tendency is to destroy utterly all "bad" things, despite the fact that they have some good qualities, that good and bad must co-exist, and that it is how we use these qualities that counts, since they are a part of life as all about. So, a tree, although its roots are up to the ground or wall, gives unmatched air conditioning, its dead leaves are for food, sometimes parts of it are edible (if not to you, then to some other world, which in turn gives it back to you), and the tree itself is a source of beauty. Snake poison can both kill or cure, depending how you use it. Even the much-vaunted quality of "love" can turn into a hell for those who die for love of a person, love of country, love of a man or alcohol. So I am saying that the tendency to destroy utterly all evil is actually not the best way to preserve the good world—rather more achievable is to learn to co-exist and recognize that it is keeping a balance that should be our best goal. Keep the good part so that it will have strength to withstand the evil, and keep the evil so that it will feed the good part so that it will destroy the evil.

All this is, of course, nothingness to most of you. As my mother would say, I am getting on my hobby horse and on my Hyde Park Corner tub.

After talking with these guests, which led to all that deep thinking, we went back to the temple. Dancers from the village of Tangkop had already begun. Their gamelan is very sweet, with seemingly more flutes than usual. The gamelan is gentle and sensuous. The performance began and ended much earlier than usual. It seemed to me that everyone disappeared to go home to bed, and I did the same. Only the next day did I discover that it was at this time that the family went up to the temple behind the gamelan and made the puspa linggas. I have already seen this done once before when I lived here in 1971, but I had wanted to see it again. While the family intricately wrap the puspa linggas, encasing therein countless objects associated with life, the pemangku keeps a fire of coconut husks burning in the courtyard below, eerily lighting the huge gamelan of the guardian spirit.

February 6 1980

Wow, what a day! I've done two drawings and painted them both—one of the colored rice cake figures and flowers called "Pergembal" and another of a fruit and flower offering. I have also sat for two hours putting flowers and petals and leaves in cones of banana leaf for praying. Everyone spent all day making flower and fruit decorations, all in white and yellow.



The Pergembal offering of rice cakes

My lunch today was so good—rice, Chinese peas, bean sprouts and tofu salad, goat sate, and ground meat and potatoes mixed to a paste and lightly fried in a very light batter. Most delicious.

At about dusk the family, friends, and relatives went in procession to the house of the pedanda in Ubud. I am so tired I can hardly bear to join them but will do so on their return past my door.

I did join the procession back to the temple, and the puspa linggas of the family were placed on the high platform. Again, we all ate dinner in the Puri Mulmul. After dinner the young girls of the family and I all sat on the floor of the big central bale in Gung Ari Mas's puri and folded napkins around the spoons and forks. When we had finished I went across the road to watch legong from Peliatan. Agung Bagus danced the trompong. He is such a beautiful dancer. Gung Sri and the other girls were still cleaning plates. It is the duty of the family to do all the work for their guests themselves.

To my great sorrow I find that I missed the making of the puspa linggas up in the temple beside Gung Ari's house. They made about twenty-five of them after the dance performance last night. Too bad. I really like to watch, as they keep coconuts burning all the while in front of the huge Tjoro Gde guardian figure. It is very beautiful to watch the smoke and firelight against the sky.

February 7, 1980

Today is the day—be there by eight they said. I have no idea what time things happened, as I had no watch, but just sat around watching and listening to the saron gong, the gambang, which consists of bamboo slats nailed onto wood and played upon with a two-pronged stock. There was a performance of gambuh in the temple courtyard and then a procession of two hundred puspa linggas arrived, each one duly carried on the head of a member of its family and surrounded by its relatives. I can vouch for the two hundred, as I counted them. They stood in a wide ring round the edge of the temple courtyard. After prayers, when everyone knelt in the center, they went in procession around the courtyard three times led by a huge white bull. I did not join in as it was obviously only close family who were carrying, or standing by to carry, the puspa linggas. These were finally placed surrounded by offerings in the various bales all around the edge of the courtyard. Lunch was set out in the Puri Mulmul. Back in the temple in the afternoon there was a performance of Baris Gde. The dancers first carried a shield, and then a sword. After this about twenty young girls performed a rejang with fans. The procession which had earlier gone to fetch holy water from Campuan now returned.

I have heard that Asri is not well and neither is her little boy. Flu I expect. So she may not have her teeth filed after all.



I was thinking about Agung and of his family and his many friends, and I thought that we are like the leaves of a tree when suddenly we find the trunk has disappeared. We did not realize how much we all had the tips of our fingers on Agung, as it were. Now we are no longer attached.

A tour guide from Australia with twenty older men and women who are staying at the Puri Saraswati was very upset as he, and they, were asked to leave the temple courtyard today during the ceremonies while some other tourists managed to get in. No use telling him that everyone was supposed to be out of the courtyard except close family and close friends or official photographers. (Alas, a few "hippy-types" did get in.) These ceremonies are not for tourists, after all. But he said Agung would have arranged something. I suspect he is right about that. Agung would at least have arranged that they all take a quick look and then go and sit in the adjoining gardens. There was very little room in the temple courtyard as it was. I stood with the families whose bales were around the edge.

I went back to the temple in the evening around seven. What a sight! All around the puri and along the road to the temple were many, many people and stalls and lights. Gambuh was just finishing. The temple was dazzling, all sparkling yellow with splashes of pink. Four pedandas were praying up in the high bale way above us. I was invited to eat a second dinner in the Puri Saraswati behind the temple. There were chairs all over the garden as well as on all the verandahs. We sat around or wandered into the temple waiting for the prayers to end—three hours I should think. It must have been midnight then finally we all prayed, mostly just sitting where we were. The puspa linggas from Agung's bale had been taken down hand over hand, or rather head over head, along a white sheet to a small nearby bale where the high priest blessed them. They were returned to the high bale head over head after the blessing.

At this point, topeng began. I was so overcome with fatigue that I watched two and then left for home and bed. There were at least fifty tourists who had been sitting for at least an hour beforehand directly behind the gamelan. They even brought their own cushions. Actually, maybe it was better than if they stood; no Balinese could have seen from behind them, as they are so tall in comparison. At least if they sit on the ground it gives the Balinese a better chance. Apparently it was very good and very funny, and I'm sad that I missed it. Oh well. Jimat was dancing too.

February 8, 1980

Today is the tooth filing, which probably will not start till ten. At least I hope not, as I am taking it easy this morning although I know I could be watching the dressing and make-up of the eighty family members who will have their teeth filed.

I was wrong, of course. When I got to the temple at about 10:00 a.m., the first group of eight people had just begun praying in front of the priests on the raised platform between the two high bales, before turning round and lying down to have their teeth filed. The rain, which had been holding off, now began to fall in a deluge. It rained nearly all morning but not hard enough to deter the participants. In the garden behind the temple the girls and young men in their gorgeous costumes, and wearing head dresses full of flowers and fluttering leaves of gold, were in the central bale and the verandahs of the various houses. They finished at about 3:00 p.m. Towards the end it was easier to watch what was happening, as most of the tourists had left. Around the courtyard during this time the various families had set up their own beds with the necessary mattresses, sarongs, and pillows on which their young, and sometimes quite old, relatives also had their teeth filed. Each family made its own arrangements. They just set everything up whenever their particular priest was ready. We could watch these very easily. These participants were dressed specially in yellow and white, but not in the full ceremonial dress of Agung's family.

We went afterwards and ate lunch in the Puri Mulmul. One of the visiting tjokordas asked me for a copy of Agung's book, but alas I have no more copies left so had to tell him to write to the University of Hawaii.

I went back to rest but soon leapt up just after four o'clock realizing that there will be gambuh. I found the dancers were still dressing at Puri Menara, so I came back to change into the yellow kebaya, as afterwards we shall be praying. Jimat was again dancing and he is marvelous to watch but what with all the gamelans playing and the reading from the lontar coming over very loudly on the microphone, it was difficult to hear them talk and sing. I stood within inches of a fourteen-foot high offering of strips of half-cooked fat, cut into many different shapes and sizes and stuck on long stalks of bamboo to form what looks at a distance like a huge flower decoration in off-white. It does not smell like flowers, however.

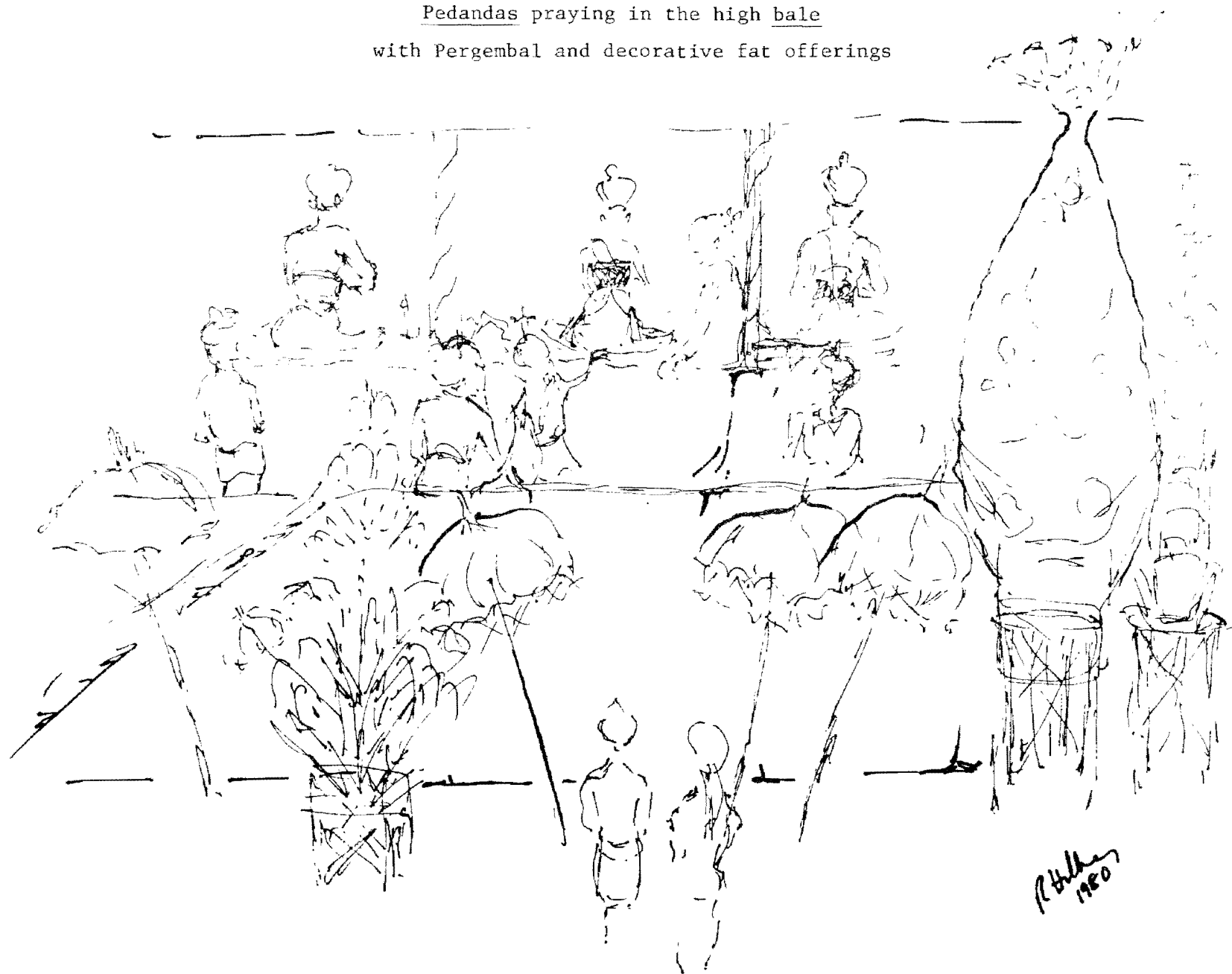
Once again all the young girls and men were sitting in the bales in the garden behind the temple. I found Asri, who had raced up to be at the ceremony with her year-old little boy. He was supposed to be having his hair ceremonially cut as part of the ceremonies. In fact, although I was watching closely for this event, I never did see it, although it did happen at the very end, around midnight.

I believe there were eventually five pedandas up in the high bale praying, but they came one after the other. At around 10:00 p.m. all the gorgeously dressed young girls and boys went into the temple and sat on chairs. At about 11:00 they prayed with the pedandas and then went in single file up the steps to be blessed. Holy water was taken by Tj. Suyasa to the shrines, and the last ritual just before leaving was that everyone put their feet on some offerings and objects on the ground. I



Tooth filing

Pedandas praying in the high bale  
with Pergembal and decorative fat offerings



do not know what they were, but I believe one was the head of the bull and his skin. Then everyone went home. By now it was some time after midnight and there was a sudden deluge of rain. There was wayang kulit but I did not stay to see it.

February 9, 1980

Everyone got up late this morning. We all made offerings of flowers and fruit. I bought mangoes and salak, a fruit with a snakelike skin, and lichee and cake for the offerings and also for myself.

I later did a painting of the men reading from the lontars.

In the temple people were putting up fresh fruit and flower offerings and throwing the old palm-leaf platters and offerings on the ground. I felt sure they would sweep the place clean for the prayers this evening but, not so. The debris is just left under the platforms or even in a heap, and they put a mat over it and sit on it. I suppose it is still a part of the whole ceremony—I just don't know. Anyway, to my delight, among the mud and debris stood seven pure white swans generally taking in the scene and glancing covertly at the group of tjokordas, sons of Agung, who were sitting on chairs slightly to one side, smoking and chatting.

There was at least one member of the family in the temple at all times, day or night. Usually there were many. Up in the high central bale three men were doing something with the puspa linggas which took them nearly all day.

We were rushed back to the temple at around 6:00 p.m. The pedandas were praying and I did a fast drawing—not too good. Later, around 9:00 p.m., the children suddenly appeared with a small barong and Rangda and gave a dance performance. I have never seen so many people packed so tight—almost no Westerners, which was just as well as the crowd swayed dangerously at times. I estimated a thousand people and probably more. I could just see some of it from the back, as I am tall. Everyone loved it. The children were very funny and the whole thing was taken very seriously.

They said Arja would begin at 10:00, but it started around midnight and went on till about 5:00 a.m. There were so many people packed in the bale banjar, which stands outside the puri, that I didn't sit inside but watched from outside. This performance was free, as it was part of the temple ceremonies although not held inside the temple. I went back to the temple at about 3:00 a.m. and the pedandas were still praying. I sat a while with the family. Some rice was being stirred in a cooking pot over a wood fire and everyone took a turn at the stirring. Gung Sri said she did not know exactly why we did this but that it was a part of the ceremony. We also tasted it. She told me that they were about to pray again. They had already prayed three times. I just had to get home—my legs and back were killing me. Perhaps this is the way they weed out the

weak. I am amazed at their strength. None have slept more than maybe three hours each night, if that. They have worked hard all the rest of the time even if it was just to sit still in the temple waiting to pray. By now the temple really smells rather awful—rancid fat and rotting fruit.

February 10, 1980

I was awakened at 5:00 a.m. and felt very chilled. It was cold last night. At about 8:00 we walked out to the temple and sat around while certain objects were collected to go to the sea. Then we all got in buses, cars, and trucks and very slowly eased out of Ubud. How many I do not know, but many more than a thousand people certainly. The golden towers and God houses also were put in the trucks, and the two hundred puspa linggas were each carried by a relative. We waited a long time to start because one of the cars would not move and all must go together.

It was a clear sunny day when we arrived at the beach. Carrying the umbrella, towers, God houses, and puspa linggas the people left the trucks and poured down the lane to the sandy beach. The long, brightly colored river of people flowed over the black sand to the sea's edge. A covered area had been set aside for the family of Agung. Beside this, on a high covered platform the pedandas were already praying.

I managed to do a painting of this.

Everyone knew what they had to do. They arranged themselves in a long line from the front of the covered area along the ridge facing the sea. The topeng was performed while the priests prayed. As soon as the prayers were over the puspa linggas were burnt. I went with many others to be blessed by the pedanda. Atun smudged my forehead with ashes of Agung. It was very emotional and sad to part with him forever, and we were all of us near tears. Tj. Putra carried the ashes to the prau surrounded by the family.

Tj. Gde from my courtyard carried the ashes of his own father. His prau nearly sank for there were too many people in the boat and Tj. Gde is not a small man. They were bailing madly and very low in the water. Another prau went out to help but they all got back safely. Apparently Tj. Gde is not able to swim, so there could have been a tragedy. There were big swells but it was not really rough.

Immediately after, we all went back to the buses and straight home. I read for a while and at dusk fell asleep and did not awake till 4:00 in the morning to find I was still wearing a dress. I slept again till after 6:00, which is very late for me here.

February 11, 1980

I went to the dressmaker, the post office, and Denpasar. I confirmed my flight booking with Garuda and then went to see Deblog's paintings. He is a noted Balinese artist, and his paintings cost US \$350 for the least expensive but they are marvellous. He also uses watercolor on canvas and it looks very good. He wants me to send him some watercolors. I then went to the Bali Post newspaper to talk to them about sending the English copy of the paper to the University of Hawaii. Lunch at the bus station for 200 rupees was delicious. When I got home I tried to paint, but didn't feel like it, so went to Purpa's gallery of paintings. He certainly has a good collection of every style. One I liked was US \$500. It was done by a Javanese in Seurat style and was of a cremation complete with Naga and Bull and Tower, all in soft colors. I guess I will resist the temptation to buy.

February 12, 1980

I talked with Tj. Putra and he said when they made the decision to hold the Malygia Karia, it was thought good to have it as soon as possible because of the instability in the world; it might not be possible to do it if they waited. This was good thinking. He said they had gone to a dukun to talk with Agung before the Malygia. He was still around at the family conferences and in the temple and watching. Now they cannot talk with Agung because he is farther away, but he will come back to the family temple for festivals and ceremonies, for galungan and such. They felt he was happy with the cremation, and it was considered a great mark of extra blessing that at the sea on Sunday, one of the pedandas was crying as they took Agung to the prau. Pedandas are not supposed to do this; it is most unusual and deemed a blessing.

Tj. Putra is still very very tired. He showed a guest and me the room they keep for Agung. So touching to see his sandals—how well I remember them—his last pill and mug and plate, toothbrush and toothpaste. They brought his chair out of his room so that we could take a photo of me, as I used to sit so many hours, taking dictation. What a lovely man he was.

For the record, in case my readers are misled by my enthusiasm for Agung, we were never lovers. That is not to say that I would not have been so had I been asked, but he never approached me in that way. I believe I came too late in his life for that. That I loved him is of course true, but we were as brother and sister.

Tj. Putra told us that Agung had two keris. One is from Nusa Penida. Apparently Agung had a strong link with the temple there. When one of the family visited that temple the priest said, "Tj. Agung has something from here, take good care of it." Later they found it was the keris. The other keris is from India, the Himalayas, they say.

Flooded rice fields at Campuan





I talked with Berata later and he said he wanted to try and see if my two journals could be published in Denpasar. He wants to go to Denpasar before I leave to see all the publishers and see who will make the best offer and if it is worthwhile. He said it would be good if I came too.

I went to see Martha Lovell, who is here making a movie of the ceremonies with her own group of technicians. I showed them my journals and they loved them. Within minutes of reading them they spontaneously said they were delightful, and they did not want to give them back to me. They say they will order them from Hawaii.

Oh dear, I have a boil on my seat where an insect has bitten me.

February 13, 1980

I went to the clinic where the nurse neatly lanced the insect bite and gave me an antiseptic ointment. It feels fine now.

When I got back, things were happening after supper in the house temple. Also in Agung's house temple. Apparently I should have been there for the praying. After they had all finished I dressed Balinese and went and prayed in our house temple and received two different sorts of holy water.

February 14, 1980

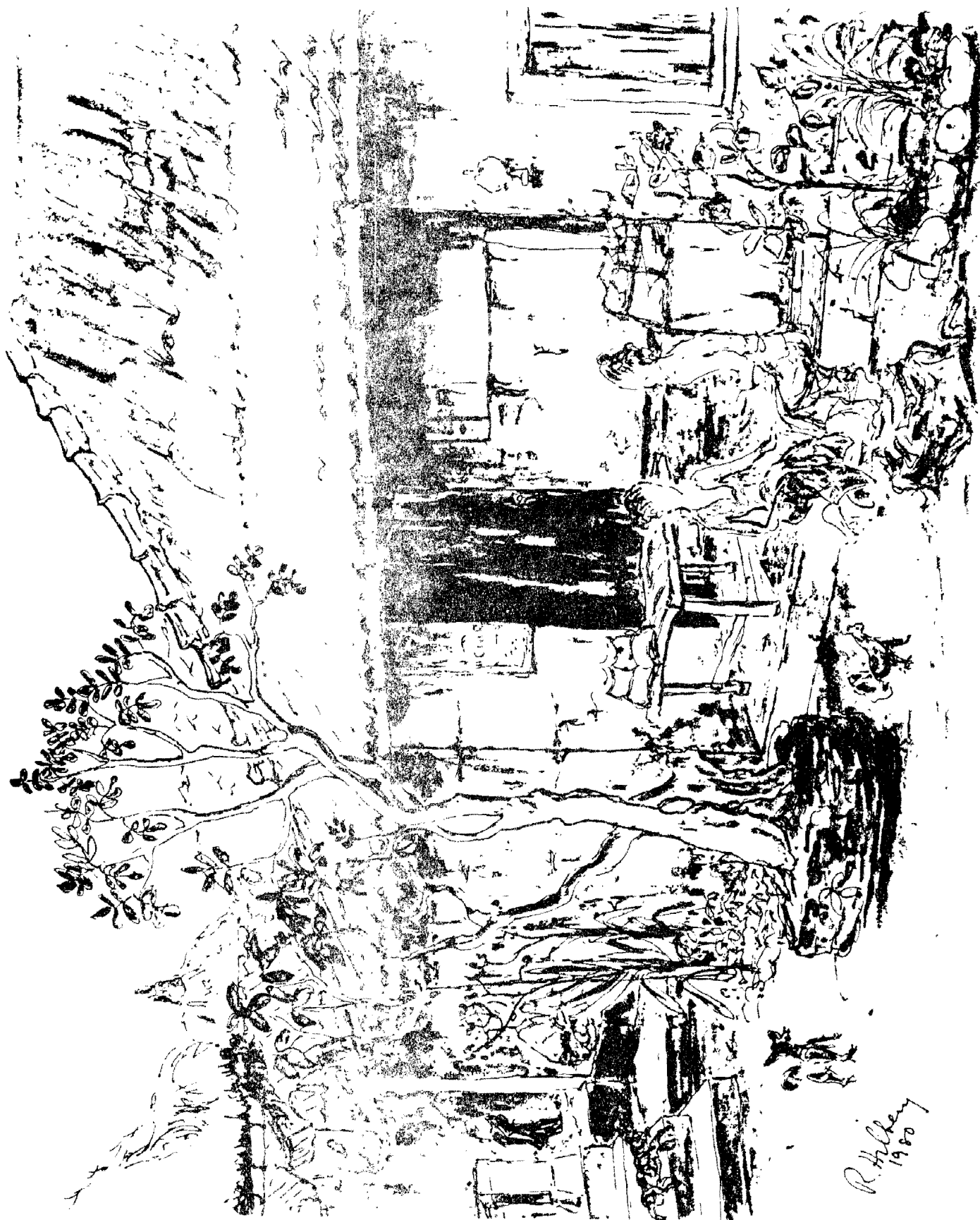
Berata came and invited me to see his new house in the rice field near the monkey temple. It is very well built with beautifully carved doors and pillars. Beds have been covered with ikats. As I remember, there are two large bungalows with verandahs and a big two-storey thatched-roof bale, which is not yet finished. We climbed up to the second floor and sat on the verandah and drank coffee. A lovely breeze blows all the time there. The posts and center piece are marvellously carved. To look up at the alang alang roof is a great delight. Berata has invited me to come and stay any time I wish but even though it is so beautiful and peaceful and idyllic, I still prefer the goings-on in my courtyard. We sat on the verandah and ate pisang goreng. Berata had a bad foot. The day before yesterday, his nephew was cutting at a bush in the garden and the knife flew from his hand and chopped into Berata's foot. He went to Dr. Oka in Gianjar and had many stitches put in.

I later walked to Campuan, but the manager of the hotel was not there. I came back and painted the garden in the Puri Saren. I must remember that I want to paint Agung's back verandah where I sat so many evenings taking dictation from Agung. Time is getting so short. Tomorrow I am going with Berata to Denpasar to see the publishers for my journals. We may also go to Basakih on Tuesday.

February 15, 1980

We went to Denpasar. First to the bookstore to ask the names of the local printers. Then to the printers. They said they would print my

The back verandah of Agung's palace



R. H. H. H.  
1980

journal for \$2,500 for 1,000 copies. I have not yet decided if they could possibly do this. Berata says he will do the distributing. He wants me to do it and thinks it would be a good thing and is very enthusiastic. By the time we reached Uud, I had decided that we would do it.

I went and did a drawing of Agung's back verandah but they started to slaughter a pig, and so I left quickly. Oh Lord, how busy they are all the time in this courtyard, making offerings all day, also in Agung's courtyard. Gung Isteri, of Puri Sarenkauh, asked me to dinner on Sunday night. Tomorrow I must also retype the introduction to Part II of the journal. Oh dear, all the illustrations; I will have to send them from Hawaii. I wonder if I have enough money for everything. It will be a tight squeeze, I think. I wish I could sell some paintings, but I'd have to sell ten to make \$500 and twenty to make \$1,000, so I know it will never happen.

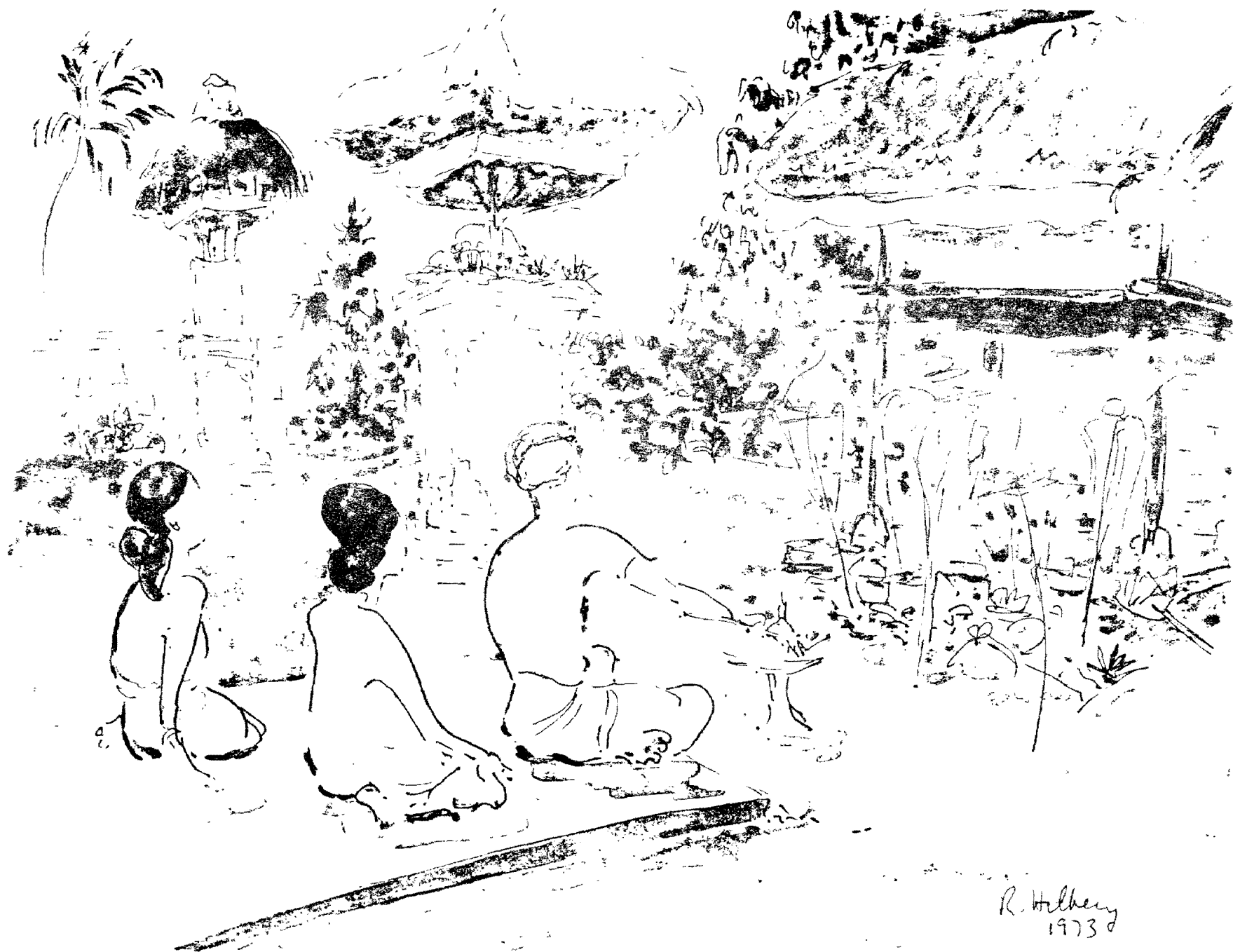
February 16, 1980

Berata came and said to come to lunch tomorrow, as he is very busy today. He told me to go to the Puri Saren because there will be ceremonies in the temple this evenings. Also joged bungbung and prembon (masked dance and Arja mixed).

I sat in Agung's courtyard at the back and painted from three hours while watching everyone. One very old man, with a crooked back (I am told he fell from a tree), picks up all the debris and makes small easy things. He has been with Agung all his life I think, but Agung Biang says he is younger than Agung was. Eight men are sitting in the shade molding meat onto sticks for sate. Another man is chopping bamboo. Six women are sitting on the steps of one of the bales pressing rice into half coconuts and cones of banana leaf. Two men sit in a bale near the kitchen grating coconut into a big bowl. A woman is arranging countless offerings of everything on the ground in the center for the evil spirits on five platforms of bamboo above the ground. The pemangku sits waiting, dressed in white with a yellow sarong covering his white one. There are three dogs and some chickens wandering around and young boys and girls carrying endless cups of coffee and biscuits.

Berata left me his typewriter and eventually I began putting together the two journals. Then Dr. Oka came from Gianjar and stayed a while. Then Gung Sri and her mother and brother and his wife all arrived and then another visitor, Ron, whom I met five years ago. Anyway, I got it all done and at about 6:00 p.m. they all said, "Aren't you coming to pray with us?" So of course I dressed quickly and followed them I knew not where. It was back to the temple where soon the pedanda came and prayed and we sat and drank tea and talked. After about an hour we prayed on the floor of the temple also. Immediately after we were shepherded to dinner in Puri Saraswati. Most delicious dinner, but I soon heard the joged bungbung and ate quickly and joined the throng, luckily managing to

Pemangku making offerings to the evil spirits  
at the beginning of a temple festival



R. Wilbey  
1973

see quite well. I did enjoy it. The girls are so enchanting and exciting I can't think how the men can resist them. Tj. Gde fought very hard not to be drawn onto the dance floor and when he did get there, just stood in giggling embarrassment, rather sweet really. Tj. Raka did a very good dance with one of the girls, very playful and pretending to stab himself and her and beating her with a stick, but all very playful. There were about five joged girls and each danced with about three men. Some time later the prembon started at around 11:00. I was very lucky and sat up in the high bale with the tjokordas and their families and had a marvellous view. I love the singing and the movements and the comedy. First jauk, then two topeng, then a servant girl, then a princess, then two servants, then a prince, then two more servants, and eventually a father and many different travellers. We all got to bed around 3:00 in the morning.

February 17, 1980

I tried to pay the family for my food, as Ktut has not been here and Gusti Rai has been looking after me with the help of Gusti Putu and the boys. They all refuse to let me pay, and I am so touched that I have been in truth their guest on this visit. So very sweet of them and I feel so much a part of the family.

Gading came to see me. Since he was there, and as I really felt I could use it, I had a massage. I went to lunch with Berata, which was a real delight, sitting on his verandah overlooking the rice fields. I walked to the temple in the monkey forest where there is a festival going on. I was very tired when I got home, but did type up to the Part II introduction to the journal. Now I only have the synopsis of this 1980 visit to write up and it will all be ready. I went to dinner with Gung Isteri in Puri Sarenkauh.

February 18, 1980

Typed all morning and just finished in time to go to Denpasar at 11:00 with Berata to the printers. Unfortunately the banks are all shut so I cannot pay them to deposit but shall probably leave what travellers cheques I have when I leave and then send a cheque as fast as I can from Hawaii.

Berata told me that yesterday two of his fighting cocks were killed at a cockfight, but he knew that he must enter them as the priest said that it was the spirits in the Pura Dalem who were causing troubles for his house in the rice fields. He had promised the two cocks for the fight, as the priest said that he should, even though he knew they would lose.

He also told me that two pelandas, the one from Dawan and another, both cried at the sea. They both saw Agung in white talking on the sea very happy and with crowds of people.

I was so tired that I went to bed at around 8:00 but had such a horrible dream—something menacing—that I got up and went out to talk with Gusti Rai who was making offerings. I told everyone that I had had a bad dream. When eventually I went to bed I left my door open and the light in the next room stayed on all night.

February 19, 1980

Berata arrived around 7:00 a.m. and we drove to Besakih. Gusti Rai gave us a square woven box full of offerings—very heavy. I carried it all the way up to Agung's temple, a twenty-minute walk uphill and hot even at 8:15 a.m. I made the offering in Agung's temple and prayed, then took three flowers from the temple courtyard and went to the Trinity in the main courtyard and prayed there, the priestess kneeling next to me. She gave me holy water and said prayers over me. I had told Agung of the book and I asked the Gods to allow me to leave Bali in peace and also as always, to keep Bali safe.

I painted one of the drawings that I did last year. On the way back we called in at Dr. Oka in Gianjar as he had invited me to do. We had coffee and when we left they gave me a most beautiful sarong ikat and also a leg of babi guling. When we got home I gave Berata most of it, as it needed a lot more cooking. He said he would wrap it in a banana leaf with lots of spices and cook it for at least one hour more.

I rested for a while, then the family all arrived from Denpasar. At about 5:00 they said I should wash and dress for the temple. As soon as I was ready Gung Isteri said to go straightaway to the Marajan Agung in Puri Saren, so I fled, grabbing a flower for my hair as I went.

Here they were taking the holy relics from the house temple, amid three pemangkus and much chanting. The angklung was playing out on the road and the kulkul was being beaten. We all walked up the lane to another family temple and entered as dusk was falling. Here we sat for some time and were given coffee and cake while a pemangku up in the high bale prayed and rang his bell. Apparently it must be a pemangku and not a pedanda in this particular temple. After everyone had prayed, the family all prayed and had holy water. Gung Sri gave this to me.

The tjokorda from Puri Kantor invited me to join his family in eating in the temple. We ate in the outer courtyard. They have the best rice, also bebek tutu and chicken and sate and vegetables. I left at about 10:00 p.m. At home all the family were already back and sitting around chatting. It was some time before I went to bed. I left my door open but instantly fell asleep. I woke at 3:30 a.m. and Berata came to fetch me at about 4:00. At the airport it all seemed so quick. He was gone in a flash, as I had told him not to wait. Once the link has gone, one is already on one's way. I feel very happy, though, and feel that everything that happened was good. I am very content.

Part II: 1983  
The Wedding of Tjokorda Gde Putra Sukawati  
and Tjokorda Istri Sri Tjandrawati

September 3, 1983

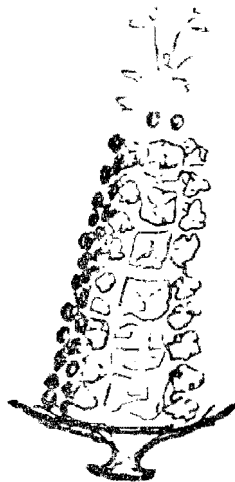
It is three years since I was last in Ubud. At that time I had come for the Second Cremation ceremonies of Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati. I had come the year before for his cremation. Both visits were very emotional, and we were all trying to adjust to life without Agung. Now I am here for the wedding of his eldest son, Tj. Gde Putra Sukawati, to Tjokorda Istri Sri Tjandrawati, known to me as Gung Sri of my courtyard, Puri Sarenkangin. She is the granddaughter of Agung's twin sister, so a distant cousin. I had known, even three years ago, that they were engaged, and so was anticipating an announcement of the wedding.

I had already planned a trip with my family to England and Greece during the early part of the summer. When I got back to Hawaii in late July, I thought that if I didn't go soon to Bali, I might have to wait more than another year because I would be working and unable to leave, so I immediately made plans to leave on August 30. A week before I left, and just after I had paid for my ticket, I had letters from Tjokorda Putra and Berata telling me that the wedding would take place on October 28, 1983. Luckily it fell just within the visa limit. Had it not, I could not have changed my date of departure and would have had to miss the wedding. Truly, it does seem an extraordinary coincidence. I wait three years, then give up and decide I'll go anyway, and lo and behold!! I choose the right dates. Agung must have arranged it.

On the way here, I stopped one night in Singapore. It was a profoundly disturbing experience. The changes taking place are so violent and profuse that it is almost like the morning after a heavy air raid. There is a nervous unease. People in old houses and shops must live in mortal fear of the wreckers, who they know will one day soon come and obliterate their way of life. It is death of sorts. Even though offered vastly superior accommodation, a paradise by comparison, one knows how daunting this must be for older people. Obviously the

authorities are right, for the health and safety of the people, but the toll in tears and mental anguish must be great. To move from a hovel to a highrise in one leap is overwhelming. Judging by my conversations with taximen, porters, and shopkeepers, the government has done, and is doing, a great job in educating the population in terms of modern living in a big city. My doubts were only that mankind needs some links with the past and that these should be cherished. "Don't throw out the baby with the bathwater," is always so apt a saying. One hopes that some of the old beautiful buildings will be allowed to remain as a reminder of times past. Nothing but highrises is monotonous. But I am speaking from an older generation's point of view. There are now young people who know nothing but highrises and supermarkets. This is home to them and their own new culture, built for them by their parents, the product of a physical need brought about by overpopulation and financial pressures which give higher returns to those who build new and high rather than to those who repair and modernize the old.

Perhaps my thoughts about all this will crystallize later.



An offering of flowers and cakes  
topped with decorative palm leaves



I arrived in Ubud late last night and went to Puri Sarenkangin just in time to go to bed. I no longer sleep in the big house which is opposite my present room. They have torn down the old rooms along the right hand side of the house and built a row of new brick rooms, each with its own bathroom at the back. A verandah runs all along the front. It is so nice not to have a grope my way across the courtyard at dead of night to the equally dark bathroom, the cockroaches scattering at my approach. It wasn't that it was dirty; it was washed every day, but the damp had blackened the walls, and to a Western eye, that is a far cry from white shiny tile. So my new bathroom is a great delight to me. There is even a grating over the drain hole in the floor. I have always lived in deadly fear that a snake might come up the drain pipe, a thing I don't think has ever happened in Bali, but I don't want my bathroom to be the first case. In the past, I always took the first opportunity to close the drain with a wooden plug that Ktut made for me; then I felt happier.

By the time I was up and about, Tj. Putra had gone to Denpasar, so I went to see Gung Ari Mas, my dance teacher. So many people know me now that it took quite a while to make that five-minute walk. Gung Ari was in Denpasar too, so I went next door to see Gung Rai in Puri Mumbul. Here was enchantment enough. As I walked down the path I could hear her chanting from the lontar. She sat opposite Ida Bagus Made Nadera, who corrected her chant and translated for her. She has been studying now for seven years and "still is not good," she says. Made Nadera is a renowned painter, in his seventies at least. He is also an expert in the lontar and teaches yoga. He has about forty pupils who come to his house in Tegallingah. Gung Rai is only about thirty-five years old and very beautiful indeed. While they chanted, two tiny birds, one with a pink head and one with a yellow chest, swung and hopped and frolicked in a nearby tree, twittering with glee. Between and around them a mammoth butterfly—about the same size as the birds—floated and drifted. Drinking my first glass of Balinese coffee, I wondered, could any paradise offer more?

So much happens in such a short space of time. On my way home, I talked with Njoman Suradnya, who has just started an Ubud newspaper in English called Napi Orti (Balinese for "How are you?"). The office is also a tourist information office, and while I was there many people came in. Among them, a foreign couple were loud in their admonitions about Balinese dogs, saying they were noisy, dangerous, and of no use and that they did not like them. They strongly advised that no dogs be allowed in Bali and that they should all be killed. I, who am no great lover of dogs, at once said, "Oh, no. The dogs are a part of Bali and of the universe and they have a job to do and a life to live, and they do have their uses and also the Balinese like them, and in any case it is for the Balinese to decide what to do with their own dogs." They did not agree with me, I think. A Balinese put it more strongly when the man said he could not sleep for their barking by suggesting that he sleep in some other country. Why is it that foreigners think they can run their host



The (interior) courtyard to the middle courtyard

country better than the local people can? Yet they sit back and tolerate many practices in their own country of which they nor probably the Balinese would approve.

Berata has said he will take me to Denpasar on Monday, and we will take copies of my Balinese journal to various hotels in Sanur. I had it printed in Denpasar on my last visit, and it is already being sold in Murni's Restaurant and in other places in Ubud.

September 3, 1983

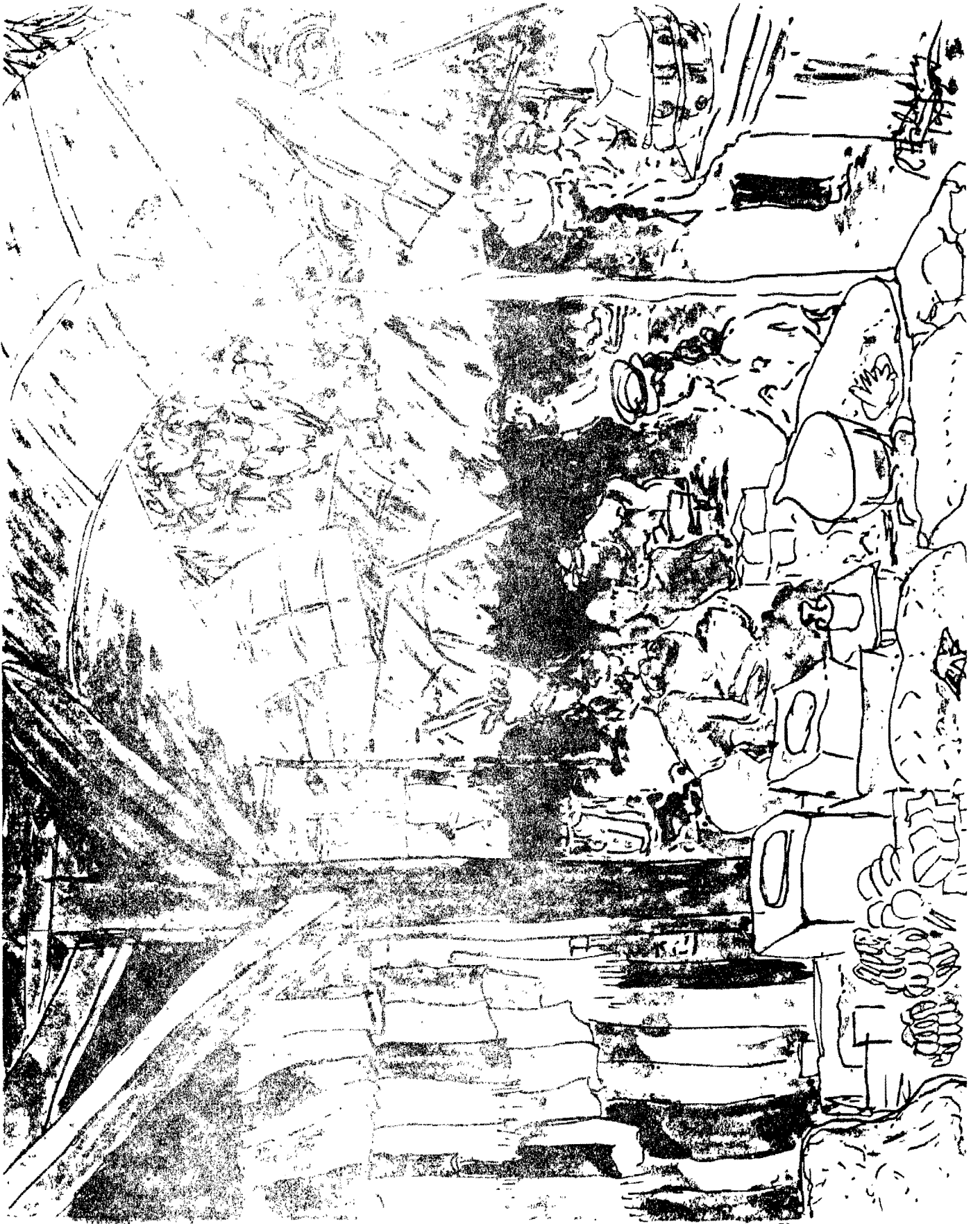
Ducks, thousands of them quacking furiously, woke me. I wondered why the big increase in ducks going to the rice fields. Then when pigs and chickens joined in the chorus of distress, I realized it was market day. The hubbub continued till near midday. The market is directly opposite my courtyard and, as elsewhere in Bali, is held every three days. It has certainly grown in size and now covers the open space in front of the house as well as all the original space behind the shops. Lorries even arrive the night before, presumably to be sure of a space before dawn.

I went into the Puri Saren to see Tjokorda Putra, the future bridegroom, and found him very cheerful and busy with the rebuilding of the main palace building. Much as I loved the old building, I have to admit that it had to be done. It has been rebuilt very much like the old building and is very beautiful indeed. The wood carving on the doors and on the screens covering the two front windows is gorgeous. In fact, all the workmanship is of the very best quality, as is only proper for a palace. There is a very lovely stone carving on the back wall of the palace of a holy man in a forest at peace with all the animals, which I find especially beautiful. All of Agung's precious books, along with my painting of the puri, were lost when the small house on the left of the palace caught fire. It is now also being rebuilt.

The rebuilding is by no means complete, and everyone is rushing to get it finished by the wedding day. There are two curvy stone lions as you go up the steps in the front. Apparently the stone arrived in square blocks, which were sealed together and then carved on the spot. They are very similar but, of course, not exact. The variety of stone carvings is one of the special joys of Bali. The stone is so soft and wears away so fast that the demand for replacement is continuous. Monkeys, fish, birds, strange unimaginable creatures in incredible positions decorate walls, gates, courtyards, and temples—any likely spot. Some are new but most are in various stages of ingestion, as the moss and insects literally eat them up.

At the moment, people are allowed to walk all around the puri, even through the palace itself. Later, perhaps only the family will live in the inside courtyard, but that is still a long way ahead. At present they have a full quota of guests from Europe, who are part of a cultural tour. We agreed that culture tours seemed very right for Ubud.

The market at Ubud



Since I arrived the day before yesterday, four or five people have voiced their concern over what is being done in Puri Saraswati. In the courtyard in front where the Second Cremation ceremonies for Tjokorda Agung were held there is now a high water tower and a two-story house and offices. The grounds surrounding the water garden of the temple, which were also used for Agung's Second Cremation, now have a restaurant in one corner. The bale where the lontar readers sat is now used by customers to lounge on cushions, sip their drinks, and eat their lunches, which are served to them on wanjis (the ceremonial stands for offerings). Now, as I understand it, some say this is temple property and others say it is not. I hope it will all sort itself out, as it does create bad feelings, which in itself is unfortunate. It is rightly called disharmony, which is the antithesis of the Balinese way of life.

Later on I called in on Gung Isteri in Puri Sarenkauh. Her husband's mother is Agung's twin sister, Gung Niang of Puri Sarenkauh. Gung Isteri's oldest son has married and has an adorable little boy (a reincarnation of Agung, so they tell me). This gives Gung Niang a change of name. She is now Agung Niang Agung, or great grandmother, and I presume that Agung Isteri is now Gung Niang. I asked after the very old lady who lives with them, and she is still alive and sprightly. She was the fifth wife of Tj. Suyasa's father, who has been dead many years. Agung's twin sister, I was told, was his eleventh wife. I had not known this before. They say she may be 120 years old, and it wouldn't surprise me. She is very thin and rather tottery.

As I left, there was a special performance of kecak in the Puri Saren courtyard for the invited guests. The puri courtyard is, for me, the most beautiful place for dance performances. The gateway is lit all the way to the top with tiny flickering oil lights, and the dancers magically appear between the split gates and weave their way down the steep flight of steps to the awaiting gamelan below like butterflies alighting.

I can once again walk through to the Puri Saren from Puri Sarenkangin without going along the road. The door between the two courtyards is now no longer closed. Tj. Oka is in excellent spirits and his part of Puri Sarenkangin, next door to mine, is looking very nice. He takes guests and is building a new restaurant outside on the street. It is rather modern looking for my taste, with a lot of glass windows. I prefer the open places myself. Tj. Alit, his youngest brother by his father's second wife, who is still in school, is quite a character. I find him friendly and warmhearted. He always enjoys watching others work. Alit is deemed not clever, but I am not so sure about that. He is certainly clever enough to avoid doing anything he does not want to do. I really enjoy his company, and he certainly knows a great deal more English than he pretends.

September 5, 1986

Ktu did not come today. Both yesterday and the day before, he was here just after breakfast to greet me. Poor thing, he is so thin and his veins stand out like those of an old man. He says he is working in Bunutan planting banana trees. It is very hard for me to talk to him, or help him in any way. He came with me and sat while I talked to Tj. Putra. Everyone says he is smart, and I think probably they are right. They say that sometimes he is dangerous. He is always so nice and very good with me.

It is now 8:30 a.m., and Berata has not come to take me to Sanur as we planned. The village is comparatively quiet today. I had a new dish for breakfast called gudeg. It is made of rice in coconut milk. Delicious.

I went to visit Tj. Putra and discovered that today is Sunday—now all is explained and I am happy. No wonder Berata did not come and collect me, as that is when the Post Office is closed. I was so sure it was Monday. I am lousy today.

After lunch I went to call on John Darling, who makes films and lives in the rice fields above Tana. Gusti Putu Taman, who is now my guardian in place of Ktu, came along to help me find the place. John was about to go to ceremony, but we did have time for a short chat. He is interested in the performance of an old type baris dance done by more than one person, but not the baris Gde. It has not been danced for about twenty years or more. It is mentioned in a book by Walter Speis. With the help of the dalang he has been getting in touch with some of the older people who danced it at one time to see if it could be performed again for Tj. Putra's wedding.

When I arrived home, there was a rather large spider on the wall of my room. It was over an inch across, so I called Putu and asked him if it would bite. He said no, so I said, "Oh well, never mind," and he left. I was interested that he neither removed it nor squashed it. In my own house I would have captured it in an upturned glass and then put it in the garden, but obviously they are totally accepted, like the lizards and tokays. Really, I don't mind spiders, provided they do not bite.

Kecak is being danced in Pekingaigal this evening, and I was offered a ticket many thanks. This is specially for tourists to see and not part of any temple festival. Although exactly the same group may perform it as part of a temple festival. What at the moment has a dance performance every night of the week but one, and all different. There is legong, rajaballah, kecak, wayang kulit, and Ramayana.

I stayed home and watched television, a documentary called "Environmental Problems" which featured tourists resorts in Spain,

showing how the modern highrise is cheek by jowl with seeping sewers, rancid rivers, and contaminated beaches. The commentary was in Indonesian, but occasionally I could hear the English translation in the background.

September 6, 1983

It really is quite chilly in the morning, and I wear a long-sleeved sweatshirt. These four ducks and the cockerels certainly tell us the time louder than an alarm clock at around 5:00 a.m. I get up just after 6:00 a.m. I have been lazy, resting every afternoon and going to bed at 8:00 p.m. I have not wanted to paint yet but have in mind to do the new stone lions in front of the palace in the puri.

Berata came and off we went to Denpasar, where we had a very early lunch. We went to the Tandjung Sari Hotel, the Bali Beach Hotel, the Sanur Beach Hotel, and the Hyatt, leaving ten copies of the journal with each of them for sale in their main shop. Everyone was very nice to us and interested in the book. Who knows how it will sell? We also left another ten copies of the book at the bookstore in Denpasar.

Bali is apparently fairly prosperous at the moment. The ninety-day rice has made a difference. I also notice that the tourists have improved. I have not seen so many hippy types about. Indeed, none so far.

There was a legong dance last night in the puri. The dancing was excellent, though the style a little bit Denpasar, I thought. What I mean by this is the style promoted by the Asti School of Dance and Drama, which is slightly dissimilar to the Ubud and Peliatan style.

September 7, 1983

A Frenchwoman, Helene, who knew Agung long before I did, arrived last night with her friend Zet. It is so amazing that we are here at the same time. Neither of us knew about the wedding or about each other, as we had not been in touch at all. Surely Agung had a hand in it. I went to visit them at breakfast time and Tj. Putra was already with them. He showed us the wedding invitation. It is a dusty rose colored card decorated with a Balinese drawing of Rama and Sita sitting together in friendly fashion on some gold painted leaves and tendrils, all very beautifully done.

Since it is imperative that we have new kebayas and sarongs for the wedding, I went and bought some pink lace and took it to a girl in the market to have it made up. I also bought a new sarong.

Ktut came at lunchtime. He looks so frail. I talked to him for a while. I thought he said that he would soon die and not see me any more after I went back to Hawaii. He said, I think, that he will be with Tj.

Putra Sudhasarna from this courtyard, who is already dead. I was so upset I could hardly prevent myself from crying. He said he was happy but very tired and sleeps a lot. He works in the morning, so he says.

While I was out, Gung Ed from Puri Mumbul came and asked me to dinner tomorrow night at 7:00 p.m. I shall dress Balinese and she will probably be in slacks and a sweater.

At the Post Office this morning about eight people were receiving money from the government. Some old and some young. They put their fingerprints on the envelope which held the money, took the money out, returned the envelope (now a receipt), and also put their fingerprints against their name in the log book. It is for some sort of pension, I believe.

I still haven't felt like painting yet. I want to get all the business part done first. I have to go to Blahbatuh to deliver a package. It must wait till Thursday. A messenger arrived with a note from Berata that he would call for us at 4:30 p.m. to go to a festival in Peliatan. Helene, Zet, and I were driven by Berata to Peliatan where we picked up the three tiny legong dancers, aged ten, eleven, and twelve, respectively, from the house where their make-up had been put on. They had been taught legong by Berata's daughter. This is their first performance, and it is being given in the temple as part of the festival. This temple is special for the Peliatan Gong and for dance and music in general. The steps up to the temple are almost as high as Helene but she managed. We were there at exactly the right time, sunset, and everyone was bringing in offerings. There was a masked dance during which some of the people were praying, and finally the legong dancers also prayed. The three little girls danced on the bare earth floor of the temple with only the lights for the gamelan in the bale at the side for illumination. This was a dance for the spirits, gods, ancestors, what you will, so lighting was not important, only the tiny dancers in their freshly gold-painted sarongs of crimson and headdresses topped with fragrant blossoms dancing for the delight and approbation of the spirits.

September 8, 1983

Oh dear, I have a sore throat and am chilly. I have a cold. I wonder where I got it. I do nothing but sneeze. I gave Tj. Mas of Puri Menara a copy of my journal and we had a long chat. He has finished his autobiography. I saw it all typed up in Indonesian. He says he will have it typed up in a final draft. I told him that if he gave me a copy, I would take it to the Southeast Asian Studies Program at the University of Hawaii and see if they wished to publish it. Of course, I do not know what it is like at all. If it is very good I will see if the University Press will make a book of it. I would think it might be very interesting indeed as he is not so very much younger than his uncle, Tj. Agung. I believe some of the events in their lives run parallel. Tj. Mas travelled a great deal and lived in the United States for a number of



years teaching music at U.C.L.A. How could it fail to be interesting?

The bridge at Campuan is getting very shaky. It is almost exactly ten years old. They have begun to build a new one at its side, which at the moment is just a wooden scaffolding. Huge trunks of palm trees are used as uprights. It is terrifying to watch the men tying it all together. There is no safety equipment of any kind and the river below is more rocks than river. No one knows for sure if there will be two bridges or if they will sell the old one, or rather the bits of the old one that can be used again.

The dinner party at Gung Rai's was lovely. There were ten of us in all, and the bale was decorated just like it was for Agung's parties. We were an Australian, a German, an American, and myself, English; an astrologist who is on a lecture tour, a biophysicist, and a girl, Nina, who is studying legong. Gung Rai's food is always delicious. After dinner some of the guests walked to Peliatan to see Prembon (like arja). I did not go, although I was sorely tempted; my cold was really terrible. Next time I come to Bali and there is something like arja that I want to see in Peliatan or Mas, I shall arrange to spend the night there. I can't think why I never thought of that before, but up till now it has not always been so easy to find a place to stay.

September 9, 1983

I wish very much I had gone to Peliatan last night, as I hear it was very good, but I still don't feel at all well. Beh! Too bad.

I went to see Gung Ari Mas, my dance teacher. She gave me so much delicious food that I did not need any lunch. I then went to the frame-maker and we chose a design in rosy-colored wood for the painting of the Melasti, the ceremonies on the beach for Agung's spirit, which I am giving Tj. Putra for his wedding present. I sat in the frame-maker's courtyard and drew two pigs, mother and son, tied to adjacent trees in one corner of the courtyard. They were so happy, occasionally exchanging grunts and nudges. I managed to do most of the drawing before they were fed, after which they promptly fell asleep. I did some of the painting, too, before I left. It is very very hot today, so being under the trees was the best thing. After dinner I bought a ticket and went to see abimanyu, which is put on for tourists. It was excellent. They do it every week. There was also jauk and baris, all very good.

September 10, 1983

I feel so much better that I am determined to venture to Blahbatuh, to see Mrs. Irawen. Her husband is in Hawaii and sent her a parcel by me. Both she and her husband are doctors, and her husband is taking a course at the University of Hawaii. After breakfast I took a bemo to Saka and then changed to another. Blahbatuh is not far, indeed, and the



R. H. H.

A very large Balinese pig

Health Center is on the road, so I didn't have to cross rice fields. Mrs. Irawan was out "running," I was told. This is the day in the year when everyone "runs." All new to me. They said it would be about an hour and a half before she got back, so I went off for a walk around Blahbatuh and discovered a puri full to the brim with orchids of every description. It was just gorgeous, and I asked if I might wander round. Everything was exceedingly orderly and the buildings wonderfully painted and carved and gold-leafed. I talked a while with the charming host, who kindly explained some to the carvings. On my return to the Health Center, Mrs. Irawan had returned and we had a delicious lunch after which I left taking all sorts of nice gifts of fruit and krupuk back with me to the puri. I gave them to Gusti Rai, but she insisted that I take them in to the Puri Saren and Puri Sarenkauh.

September 10, 1983

Atun, Agung's daughter, is here again, so I took my painting of the men reading the lontar at the Second Cremation ceremonies for Agung into the puri to give to her. She had wanted it at the time, but it was not finished.

I went to see Nina have a legong dance lesson. She is an excellent dancer with lots of feeling and a beautiful long slender body. She wanted me to show her the gabor dance, which I did, not too well as I had no music. She said that Gung Rai teaches Peliatan style and it is much more difficult, so she changed to Ubud style. I then went to see Gung Ari and left her a copy of my journal for her hotel. She is so busy with her restaurant and building a new house that she says she has no time at present to give me a dance lesson.

I went to Gung Rai to give her a copy of Agung's book. We talked of Agung. She said that Tj. Alit, her husband, was Agung's "boy" before Berata, and at night Agung would sit on his bed with all his papers round him reading and writing and Tj. Alit had to hold the lamp so he could see. Every now and then Alit would go to sleep and his head would drop forward and the lamp begin to fall. It is a miracle that there was never a fire. Gung Rai said she was with Agung for the twelve days before he died but that she had not known that he would die. Agung was very ill and was propped against the wall with intravenous tubes in his arms. He told her to stay with him all the time. Berata's father also was there all the time. Suddenly we both began to cry and neither of us could stop. We both miss him very much and cannot talk of him without weeping. It was a terrible experience for her. I think she may become a very holy woman and very wise. She enjoys studying the lontars. Her grandfather was a very holy man who would go at midnight to pray in the temple at Kedewatan or the Monkey Forest. At his death a priest arrived from India to wash his body, after which he left. Her mother was pregnant with her at Selat when Agung fled there with the Holy Weapons, the story of which is told in his Reminiscences. He had to find a safe place to hide them when the Dutch were trying to regain control of Bali after World War II. Gung Rai and I decided we would like to visit the places Agung went in his flight from Ubud.

Later in the afternoon I walked down to see Berata at Ubud Inn. I was lucky to find him in. He has such a beautiful garden and well-built Balinese style houses; the windows are screened with mesh against mosquitos. Berata told me to buy net in Peliatan to cover the louvers in my room. It is so lovely to sit on his verandah and watch the ducks in the sawahs. I can go there whenever I want, so shall perhaps do a painting. He has two of my paintings at the Ubud Inn, and I am so pleased he liked the new one I did of the pigs at the frame-makers. It is not quite finished yet.

September 11, 1983

Gung Sri, the daughter of Gung Isteri Asmari of my courtyard, is here today. She is the fiancée of Tj. Putra and will marry him on October 28. It makes me a sort of in-law, grandmother-in-law, probably.

I went to Peliatan, walking there by the back lane—very cool. Njoman Varsa, the painter, looked over the wall to see what all the commotion with the dogs was and asked me in to his house to see his paintings, and those of his brother. The back lanes are the most fun, so little has changed there, at least outwardly. Inside their courtyards, because of the competition to beautify the village, most of the people have dug cesspools and put in some sort of bathroom, and some of them have television to brighten their lives with the appalling world news, but otherwise all is much as it was.

The shop sold me three meters of white net with a pattern on it for Rp. 3,000. As I was about to catch a bemo back, Berata drove by and gave me a lift. "Not the right sort of net," he said, and showed me some plain net, which was exactly what I had been looking for. He says he will get it for me, but then I shall be left with my three meters of patterned net. Oh well. After lunch I walked to Campuan to swim at the hotel. When I got back home, Gung Niang from Puri Sarenkauh was there chatting with her daughter, Gung Isteri Asmari, about Gung Isteri's daughter, the bride, I expect. I was given that delicious hot sago and coconut milk again. One boy is chopping the husks off coconuts and another is in the kitchen pounding meat and spices. A third boy is washing the dishes and pots and pans with the coconut husks, which they use as scrubbers. Gusti Putu is also helping, carrying dishes back and forth. Everyone is especially busy because Gung Isteri Asmari and Gung Sri are here from Denpasar and there is more cooking to be done; also it is Sunday, so the boys are not in school.

Now I have the usual sort of message—or no message. Gung Sri says I am to go to dinner tonight with Atun and Tj. Putra and Helene and Zet. I had heard not a word from anyone, so I went into the Puri Saren. Tj. Putra said nothing, Tj. Gde nothing, and Gung Niang nothing—so who knows? I went back home and Gung Sri said, yes, definitely, to dinner tonight.

The dinner is not tonight; it is tomorrow. Having said I would be out to dinner, I went and ate dinner out.

September 12, 1983

I very much doubt dinner will be tonight either, so I don't intend to cancel dinner here. I wasn't feeling very well today, even went to the clinic, but it was too full. My throat is not right and I cough terribly. Oh dear. Helene asked me if I wanted to go to the temple at Besakih, but I said no. If I go, it will be to pray, and I cannot do that with other people around whom I know. Also I might want to draw. Berata met me on the road, so I went with him to Ubud Inn and had hot lemon and then coffee and a nice long talk. He played the cungklik while I sat allowing the harmony of music, garden, and rice fields to merge and envelope me.

For young Balinese, I was told, trying to make out with girls is not easy, because if the girl gets pregnant the boy must marry her. Also, it is very difficult for a couple to find any place to be alone without everyone knowing. To a Balinese, it is impossible to understand how parents can allow their children to live with someone before marriage, even if they are positive there will be no children. If a couple is engaged to be married, it is permitted that they sleep together occasionally, but living together without being married is out of the question. I think that lack of responsibility on the part of the man for the women is outside their experience. In Bali marriage is a very heavy responsibility for the man. From my point of view, it is also a very heavy responsibility for the woman. She must bear the children, cook, spin the money out, and try and keep the man happy—this last the most difficult of the lot. This may be why I never married.

After lunch I walked to the Post Office and on the way back did a drawing of a gateway and the courtyard beyond. It was very hot, but someone from the courtyard opposite brought me a chair. I managed to do some of the painting as well, with a large audience from up and down the lane. When I got back I discovered that we are all going to Campuan Hotel for dinner tonight. I dashed back to my courtyard to let them know before they cooked up a storm. I hope I caught them in time.

Tj. Putra drove us to Campuan, me in Balinese dress as I would have done for Agung, Helene in a long dress and a sash, and Zet in a long-sleeved Tahitian muumuu. Atun was in Western dress, and Tj. Putra wore a beautiful batik shirt and dark trousers. We had a lot of fun, laughing and giggling and teasing Tj. Putra about his honeymoon—monkey business in the Monkey Forest, etc.

September 13, 1983

I practiced the gabor dance and then did nothing all day but read Agatha Christie's Clocks, which I much enjoyed.

Temple in the rice fields on the way to Saren



Temple in the rice fields on the way to Saren

11/11/1972



11/11/1972

September 14, 1983

Rain this morning, the first we have had. Walked to the Post Office and when I got back I practiced the tumbulilingan dance. I had an early lunch and went with Helene and Zet to Denpasar where I bought a wanji, a small table on which to put offerings, and a tortoise-shell spoon with a carved handle. The bookstore was closed. I had a terrible headache and went straight to bed at 4:30 and did not have supper. I slept till morning.

September 15, 1983

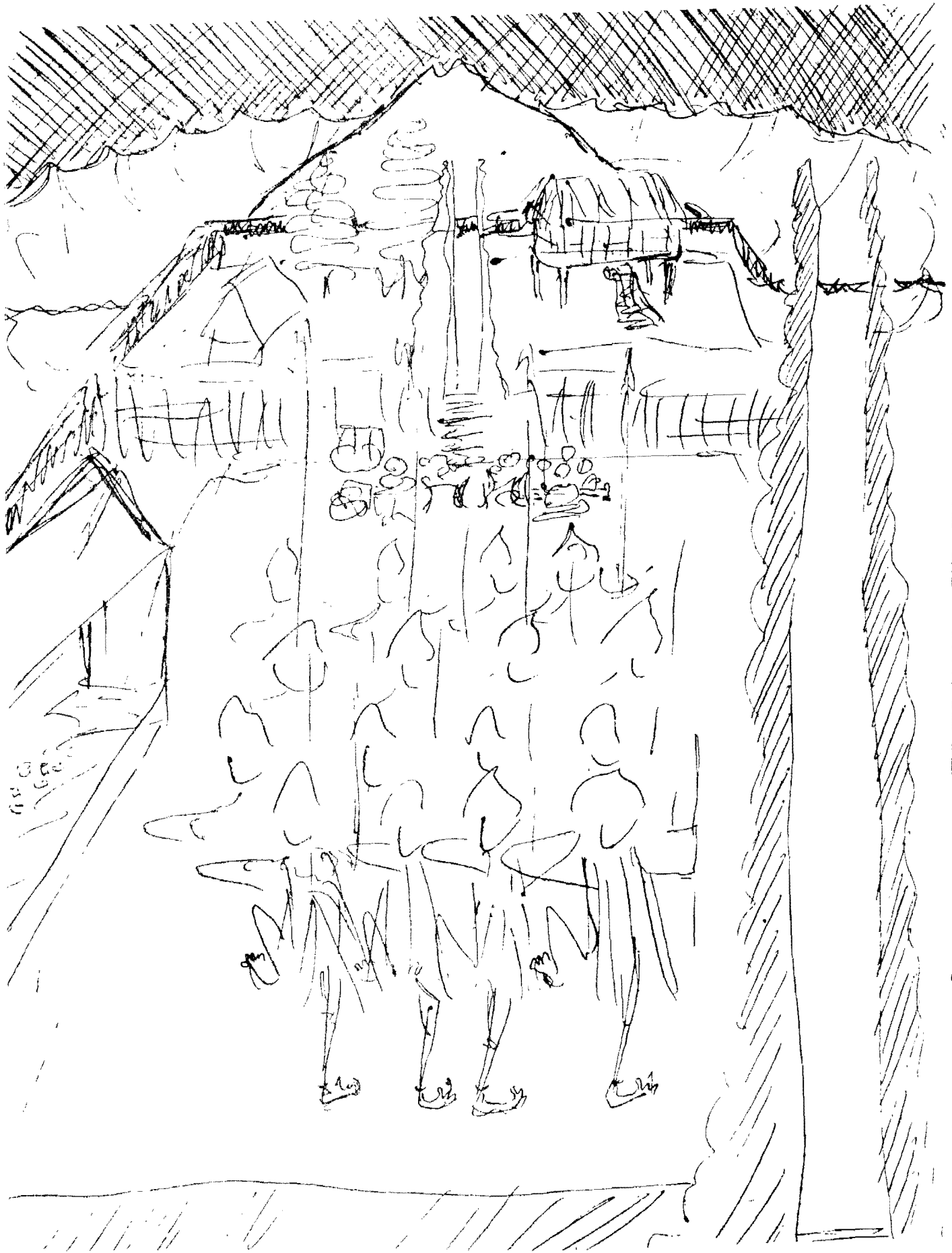
It is market day. I think I may have to leave my courtyard for a while, as two ducks are lying under the tree tied together by the feet, and I fear for their lives and hate to see them thus doomed. I went to the market with my Balinese gold ring to have it mended. It is ten years old and needs tightening up round the stone and smoothing where it catches on my clothes. I waited while the goldsmith did it at an exceedingly low cost. I have been spending a good deal of time with Helene. She was Agung's friend long before I met him and is very good company.

It is very overcast and rainy, so I decided to walk to Sayan. On the way there were many people returning home from the market with heavy loads of produce. One girl knew me quite well, as she had been a child in the puri when I was first here. Her mother stopped to bathe in the large swift flowing irrigation channel near Sayan while we talked together. Both had huge full baskets which they hefted onto their heads before finally setting off for home. It is a long walk with some very steep climbs up and down. I came back a different way, coming out onto the road above the Campuan Hotel.

The new bridge by Murni's Restaurant is coming along with a lot more scaffolding in place, but it still looks very hazardous indeed. I went into Murni's and was given a royal welcome, coffee and cake. I talked with her husband, who is a writer of unsellable novels, so he says. He said my book sells well. A visitor asked which was my book and promptly bought it and asked for my signature. Amazing but gratifying. He said, "I like your style."

September 16, 1983

It rained hard early. I went to see Tjanderi, who has a very popular "Home Stay" in Ubud. (Home Stays are the Balinese equivalent of the English Bed and Breakfast accommodation.) She gave me coffee and delicious thick new bread with peanut butter and sugar—very lavish. I gave her a copy of my journal and asked that she leave it around for her guests to read. This is the only way I can think of to let people know that the book exists. She is having one of her bales rebuilt—very much in the old style of which I highly approve. I saw her son and a



The Baris Gde in the temple at Batur



daughter—all so grown up and adult. When I was first here they were little children. Two policemen came in, one of whom was a relative. They also enjoyed the peanut butter and sugar.

I walked to the Post Office at nearly two o'clock, which is closing time. The Postmaster says he must often stay very late to finish all the work, etc. It is also used to give out licenses, so there is a lot of bookkeeping besides stamps, parcels, and letters.

Early this morning they were practicing gamelan next door. They were having a dance practice, and twenty or so young girls were making palm-leaf decorations and flower offerings. I sat and watched. This dance is a new type of kecak, actually not unlike janger in parts. This is the last rehearsal, and they will perform tonight for schoolchildren from Gianjar and Ubud in the wantilan (meeting house) here.

After lunch I went to Gung Ari's, as I knew she would also be making offerings and would let me try. It is easy to learn from her. She gave me, all hot from the steamer, something paste-like, wrapped in a banana leaf, made of coconut, chili, and spices and the small green leaf of a herb. Very delicious. Her offerings are partly for Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning, and partly for a temple festival in Peliatan, her parents' home.

Later I was sitting in Puri Saren when John Darling came in and said they were about to have a meeting with Tj. Putra about organizing the Baris Lelampahan. Eventually there were ten of us, among whom were some old dancers and teachers of baris and two gong leaders. Apparently we already have here in Ubud the special gong needed but no one knows the special tunes, so they must find a teacher for that. It ended up that they will all look for people who remember the dance and music, probably from Batur, and as soon as someone comes forward they will begin to practice. The dancers, of course, will be mostly experienced older men. The gamelan players will be a mixture of the best from several gamelans. I am sure that approaching the right person, without offending anyone else, and obtaining permission for the players from the respective gamelans for leave of absence while they work on the new Baris is a long and delicate piece of work. So the meeting was a very long one, and Tj. Putra presided with a sense of humor and patience which would have much pleased his father. I crept away before the end as I was getting cramped and it was nearly dinnertime.

September 17, 1983

I walked to Berata's. He gave me delicious pancakes with sugar and lemon and coconut. We plan to go to Denpasar on Monday and arrange to have the Bali edition of Agung's Reminiscences published. On Tuesday, all of us will go to Kedison Village and pick up Helene's carved Balinese doors, which she had made for her by Berata's father and uncle for the

house she had planned to build in Bali. She is not now going to build a house, so we will take them to Mas to be sold.

On the way back I met Njoman Oka and said I wanted to give him a copy of my journal. His guest said she also wanted a copy, so they came back to the puri with me.

Gung Isteri and Tj. Gde of my puri are here today, as it is Saraswati Day and they will pray in the house temple. This is the day for blessing books and learning, and the schoolchildren all took their books to school with many offerings of fruit and flowers. I had some lawu for lunch with a dark green leaf in it, and I think it gives me an allergic reaction. I did not feel too marvellous afterwards. I took a bemo to see the offerings in the temple at Peliatan. There will be topeng tonight, wayang kulit tomorrow, then janger the night after, which I very much want to see as I have not yet seen it. On the last night there will be arja. There is wayang kulit tonight in Ubud.

September 18, 1983

Oh dear. Ktut was the first thing I saw on opening my curtains this morning at daylight. He stayed around till 9:30 while I was trying to proofread Agung's book. I did manage to chat with him for a bit. I took him to the warung across the road, and I had a hot orange while he ate four bananas. I was quite amazed. I do think he is hungry. I made sure he was given nasi kuning here in the puri. I am sure they would have given it to him anyway, but I wanted to be certain. I wish I knew what to do for him—just speak to him occasionally, I think, and make him feel useful. I eventually retired to my room where it is cooler and did a bit more proofreading. Later in the day I walked up to the Campuan Hotel and bathed in the river, since the pool was being cleaned. The water was surprisingly not too cold but running very swiftly. It was hard not to lose one's grip. The bottom is all large stones, some smooth and some sharp and all very light and moveable, being lava, I suppose. Only the very big rocks are stable. I was feeling extravagant afterwards and had a drink at Campuan and then walked down to Murni's where I had a sandwich and tea and maybe sold another couple books while chatting with some tourists.

We have TV every evening in my puri, and I watch. They show American cartoons, Pluto, etc., which I enjoy. Also they showed oil refinery equipment arriving in Timor. I have noticed a few oil men, complete with tattoos. They are not as considerate of Balinese ways as one would wish. They only really want women and drink, in that order, and think because they have loads of money that they can have anything they wish. They probably can in Denpasar, as in any other city, but I doubt if they are too successful in the villages.

September 19, 1983

Berata came and collected me and we went to Murni's first and left her forty books. She had only one copy left. We then went to the printer and arranged to publish Agung's book. Berata said he would not take his commission, so I do not have to pay quite so much. In two weeks I can proofread it. Seems very quick to me. We are very pleased; it all seemed so easy. We had lamb sate and rice and curry gravy—the best food I have eaten in Bali I think.

I asked Berata if Agung is now always in the Marajan Agung (house temple of Puri Saren) or only at the time of the festivals. He said he is always there—but he also said that he is sure that Agung is in the temple at Campuan because that is what he liked best. He said a Western friend who had loved Agung and who understood him very well, and was a deep thinker, went every day to pray in Campuan temple and eventually Agung appeared beside him very clearly, but when he looked again, he was gone. So the Westerner is sure Agung is there. Berata said I should go and pray there, and I will, but I do not expect to see Agung—he knows it would scare me—but I want to tell him about his book, even though I am sure he knows already. I think he was arranging it all the time.

I went by myself to Peliatan to see the performance of janger. As I was walking a Balinese on a motorbike came by and gave me a lift, so I arrived rather early, at about 7:00, and it would probably not start till 9:00. I bought my ticket for Rp. 500, a numbered seat very close to the front. I was asked if I would like to watch them dressing, and of course I said yes and was taken down the road and into a courtyard where two verandahs were jammed with young girls and young men, all very happy. I watched for a while and then went to a warung and had coffee and cake. While I was there, an older Balinese man with long silky white wavy hair and a cherubic face came in and we began to talk. He said he knew who I was and that I had written Agung's book. He said he had gone to school with Agung in Denpasar. His name was Danny. He remembered Agung's father, "very great strong king." We were very pleased to meet one another.

The dance began about 9:15 p.m. and finished around 11:00. I stayed a few seconds to see the dancers, and when I walked home everyone had gone already and I was totally alone. It wasn't spooky at first. The moon was big and bright, but as I got to the crossroads I remembered all the stories about crossroads and how that is where the offerings to the evils spirits are made. Ahead of me two white figures were visible in the gloom and then they disappeared. I thought to myself, if they are not in front of me when I turn that corner, I shall really be a bit scared, but when I turned the corner I could see them in front of me and hear their footfalls. I even almost caught up with them and called to them but they would not speak to me. They turned off the road, presumably to go to their house. I tried English and Indonesian, but I suppose they were German or something. I walked the last part alone,

Rangda and the Barong at Batubulan



rather to my relief. There is arja tomorrow, which won't start till 10:30 p.m., and I doubt if I'll make it to that.

September 20, 1983

Berata collected me at 9:00. Helene and I sat in the back of his open truck. The road is not much better than it ever was. Tegallalan looked as though an effort had been made at brightening it up. Sebata was a mass of flowers and new trees. Kedison was very neat and tidy but otherwise much the same. Berata's puri has some beautiful Balinese style bales in it. We sat and talked with Berata's father and older brother, Puspa, who is one of the handsomest of men. We were to have collected Helene's carved doors so that she could take them to Mas to be sold, but they wouldn't fit in the truck. I must say I was much amused. So we had coffee and cake and came back rather earlier than we expected. I walked to the Post Office and continued on to finish my painting of the courtyard through the gateway. Two paintings in three weeks is not much. There was a small procession taking a god chair to Campuan this evening. Tomorrow there is a big procession, and we will all go and pray. Nina came and we went out to dinner.

September 21, 1983

I hadn't the strength last night to stay awake till 10:00 and then walk to Peliatan for arja. If there is ever a next time, I will go over there during the day and spend the night there. I didn't think of that in time. Also it would be good to leave one of my books there in the puri. How shall I ever publish another part of my journal? I don't think it would sell in two parts. Surely no one would buy two books at a time. Anyway, I went to Puri Mumbul to give a book to Napi Orti, the new tourist information office and newspaper. Then I went to see Gung Rai. There she was sitting cross-legged, playing cards, a kind of dominoes with four others. It was a lot of fun. I can play, but I am a bit slow. I just watched. Gung Rai asked me to eat, but I said no. Then she said "Balinese food," and of course I can't refuse that. We had green vegetables in a soup, all hot, rice, green vegetable lawa, fish cooked in a banana leaf and steamed with spices, and corn fritters—but the latter like you never get anywhere else. I am afraid I ate four.

I stopped off to see Gung Ari Mas, who was sitting high up on the second floor of her unfinished new house beneath the uncut alang alang roof making palm-leaf offerings. Apparently the roof cannot be trimmed till after a lot of heavy rain, which will make it "sit down." I made quite a few offerings and then went home for a sleep. At 3:00 p.m. I leapt out of bed to watch a procession to Campuan and after half an hour another procession. There was much confusion as to whether I should dress and go or wait. In the end I went with Gusti Putu who was carrying the offering. I got there about 4:30, and it was very, very beautiful. The second courtyard was jammed with kneeling people from Peliatan on one



A dancer in the Barong dance at Batubulan

side and those from Taman on the other. Another procession arrived from Pedangtigal. All the small boys were in full costume, some with the kris. They brought with them a Boar Barong and Rangda and another mask I did not know. There was also the figurine of a man and a woman made of Chinese coins. At around 7:00 p.m. the pedanda came and also Tj. Putra and his brothers and all the family arrived. The most revered member of the family is Tj. Lingseer from Puri Kantor. I prayed with the family and then we all came home.

September 22, 1983

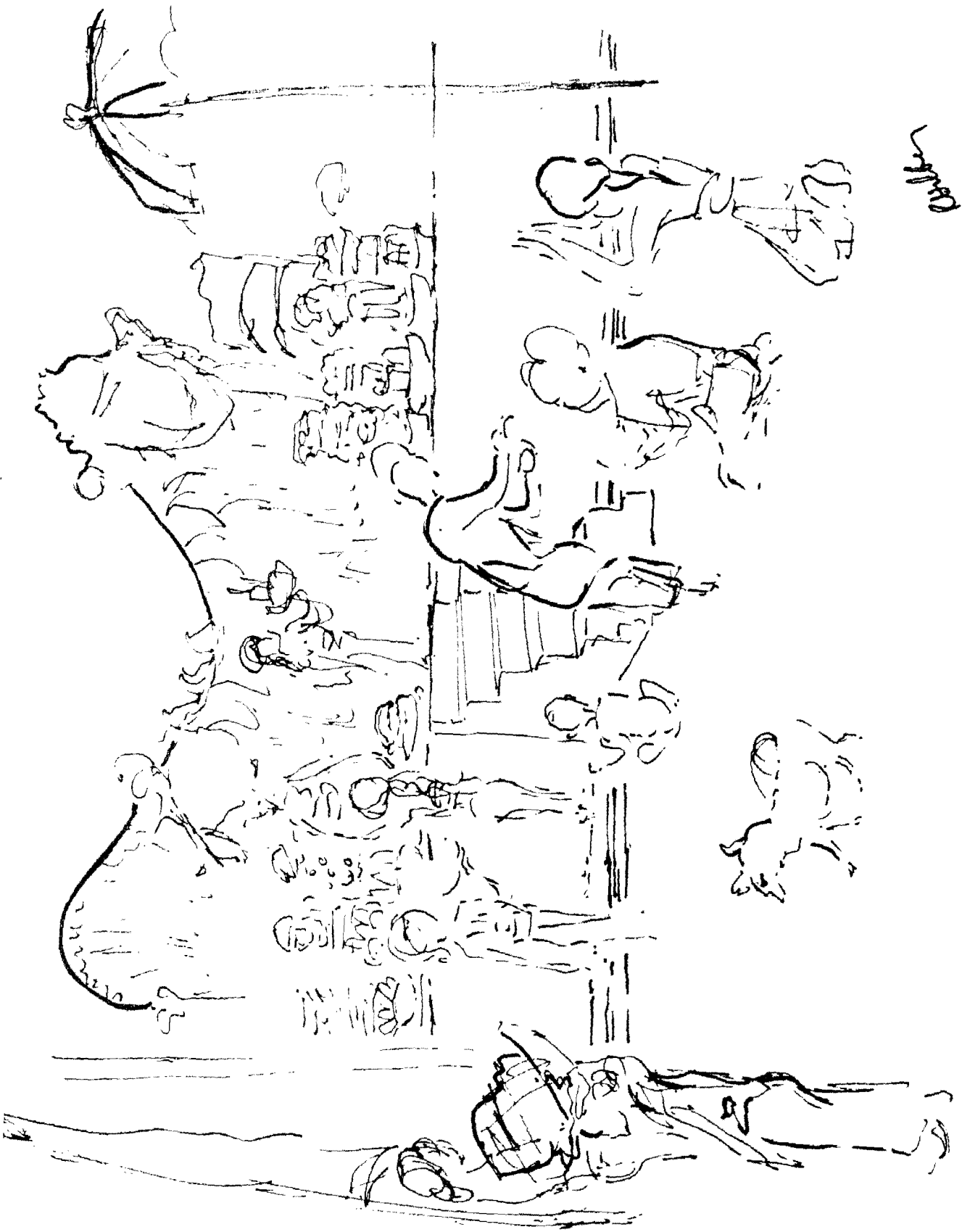
I went to Batubulan to see the barong dance performed for tourists. It is as good as ever and, as usual, I was far too engrossed to make drawings. Oh, well. Berata picked me up on his way back from Denpasar. In the late afternoon I walked down to the Ubud Inn. It was so quiet and peaceful that I just sat there in a daze. It was dusk and one could hear the kulkul in the distance and even some chanting and occasionally the chattering and harsh barks of the monkeys in the Monkey Forest as they settle for the night. I was told that the King Monkey was especially bad-tempered and had bitten a lot of people, both visitors and Balinese, and that four days ago the men went with knives and tempted him to attack them and then they killed him. Because of this there is now a new king. I feel sorry for the old king and said I thought he must have felt very threatened by so many people invading his territory, but Berata said no, just old and a little bit sick.

Helene and Zet arrived and Berata's wife came and cooked dinner for us. Such fantastic good food--a vegetable soup made with coconut milk, spicy beef in a gravy, green beans in coconut milk, some bean shoots with peanuts, and a dish of hard-boiled eggs with chopped pink onion.

After dinner we went to the temple festival in Pedangtigal. Topeng was in progress in the wantilan opposite the temple, which is open on all sides with a dirt floor and dim lighting, just like in the old days. Apparently the topeng dancer was talking philosophy, wearing many different masks and assuming many different characters.

We went into the outer courtyard of the temple where the lighting, although soft, was directed to the masks of the Boar Barong and the Rangda up in the high bale. In the inner courtyard every inch of space on the floor and overflowing up and around the bales like a vine in fertile ground, the people were praying. For nearly an hour they prayed, the full moon bright in the clear sky and the gamelan playing softly outside. Berata took us back to the Ubud Inn for the night. I had a vivid dream of being asleep in a big palace and someone telling me we must all leave in one hour. Then a woman, or girl, woke me saying, "Leave now," and I woke myself up saying, "No, no, not yet." It was very real. I know I woke myself up protesting.

The Barong displayed in the temple





September 23, 1983

It is a gorgeous early morning and such a change to be out in a rice field instead of in the village. I watched the farmers cutting the grass along the ridges between the rice fields and scaring birds with wooden clackers and shouts. They only have to do this when the milk is in the seed, when it is very tiny and young. After that the birds are not so interested and anyway there is enough for all. I have just been told that if a tailless lizard comes and visits one of the fighting cocks, then for sure the cock will win—well, not always!

Helene and Zet went off again to put her carved doors into a shop in Mas to be sold. She changed her mind about building a house here when Agung died.

Now it is 11:30 and the children are coming for the second session of school. The first session begins around 7:00 a.m. It is the smaller ones who go to the first session.

The farmer is still cutting grass for his cow. He uses a short-handled curved knife, like a small sickle, and every now and again he pops up to yell yet again at the birds. I left around midday.

After dinner I went with Gusti Putu Taman to the temple in Pedangtugal again. Kecak was just beginning, a rather shortened version. I went into the temple and did a drawing. Not very good but using a thicker pen than usual.

September 24, 1983

I bought eggs, dried milk, and tea and after lunch took the beno to Kedewatan to see Ktut's family. It was very hot. I saw Ktut's father and mother and his little girl, Seramut, now about five years old. Ktut was also there and looked tired but okay. His brother's children, a boy and girl, were there and also two teenagers not yet married, who I think are Ktut's sisters. All looked very healthy and happy. I know it must be very hard for them, indeed, with Ktut in his precarious state of health. We had coffee and bananas. I stayed about an hour and then came back.

Atun is here from Surabaya especially to say goodbye to Helene—so lovely of her to make that long journey, so like Agung.

In the evening I played Scrabble in French with the two French ladies, and I very nearly won. It surprised me how many French words I still knew. While we were playing, Gung Niang and Atun asked us to come over and watch TV, as there was a sort of drama called Tjupat. Tjupat is a rajah who is stupid, greedy, and vain but has a good heart. His people are threatened by a man-eating Garuda, and so he thinks up a plan to trick the giant bird. He digs a big hole and then tempts the Garuda to come and eat him. The Garuda, in anticipation of a big dinner, joyfully

makes a dash for the plump rajah and neatly falls into the hole where he is promptly dispatched.

September 25, 1985

I am tired today. I cleaned Tj. Putra Sudharsana's carving of the alu, a sort of short-nosed crocodile. It is made of wood and stands on the verandah opposite mine. I used a toothbrush and a bamboo stick, water and a cloth. I like his simple lines—to me he really has spirit. I like to give him a flower most days, sort of as a remembrance of Tj. Putra Sudharsana. It is his daughter, Gung Sri, who will be marrying Tj. Putra in Puri Saren. I went to Puri Saren for lunch and found the whole family on the verandahs of the bales behind the main house—Tjokordas Putra, Oka, and Gde and Atun and Gung Niang—in fact, all of them except the second and third wives of Agung, one of whom is in Denpasar and the other in Surabaya. We made a very jolly party. Tj. Gde, Agung's youngest son, has nearly finished three years of university, concentrating on economics. He wants first to take a job for a year or so and learn English and then go to university in the United States for graduate studies. He is not as clever at languages as Tj. Putra, so must learn better English first.

Atun was telling us that the bus from Surabaya is very nice; they serve hot coffee and box dinners, the seats are comfortable, and there is even TV. I wonder what Agung would have thought of that. He liked to talk to the driver.

Gusti Putu Taman, who is about twenty-one years old, said that he and his Art School students went by bus to Jakarta. It took three days from Surabaya and they slept on the bus, only stopping to eat, look at interesting places, or go to the bathroom. They had two days sightseeing and going to art galleries in Jakarta and then came back again. He said he slept for three days afterwards and no one went to school. Not surprising.

I was talking to a Westerner about a Balinese gamelan group in, England, which apparently gave a performance of excellent quality. I asked if they wore sarongs, and with disgust the man said that no, he hated people who aped others and it would have been pretentious for them to wear Balinese dress. I said I disagreed and that I thought it was all part of the ambience, flavor, and atmosphere of the whole thing. He totally disagreed and went on at some length about non-Balinese who wear Balinese dress, whether in or out of Bali. I find either way is acceptable. I agree that it is not of paramount importance to a performance, but the presentation is visual as well as oral, so what is worn is important. As for adopting local dress, I think it depends on the host country and what they prefer. One should respect local feelings, and in Bali they prefer that one wears a sarong.

Oh well, it is of little importance anyway. This man was about to reprimand some ethnomusicologist for calling a cungklik an angklung at the performance in England. Very few people there, if any, would have known the difference anyway. From my research for this journal the reong angklung, or klenteng, is a smaller type of gamelan with metal keys used in processions. There is another type of angklung which is entirely made of bamboo and is carried in the hand and shaken.

What is it about the girls who come here to study the dance? They are like fanatics, almost killing themselves in their determination. In consequence they overdo, become too intense, tie themselves in knots, and get lost. One cannot dance that way. Very odd.

One feature I find interesting is that some foreigners in Bali wear fantastic woolly forests of hair under their arms, and I am curious to know why they wish to smell so bad. Would they perform on a stage like that? In a cold country I could understand it since that is presumably why one grows it in the first place, but people in the tropics are often hairless for good reason.

September 26, 1983

It is Kajan Klion today, special offering day, so maybe I'll pray in the house temple this evening. The pool at Campuan Hotel is still being cleaned, so I went down to swim in the river below. The last part is steep and slippery but it is worth it. I am very careful as I know how easy it is to break one's toes or graze the skin. I sit on the rough gravel at the edge and ease myself into the water holding fast to the big boulders. The large round stones at the bottom of the river shift and move when you put a foot on them. They don't seem firmly anchored at all, and the current is very strong. One must hang onto something if one is not to be swept down the river. Of course, to lie there holding a rock on either side with the water rushing by is marvelous. I do not go into the pool where the two rivers meet, as that is where all the Balinese go and they would find me a dreadful embarrassment. Very few people can see the place where I bathe. It is one of the crossing places but less used than the one just a few feet further down the river.

After dinner I walked toward the Monkey Forest and saw the sky lit up and flickering over Mt. Batukaru. We all wondered what was happening there, but it must have been sheet lightning as no one has since mentioned eruptions. When I got back there was a performance of legong going on in the puri, and I sat on the steps of the bale to watch. I put my cardigan and spectacle case down beside me and then as I got interested I moved closer. When I moved back at the end of the performance the cardigan and case were gone. I think it was a group of young boys who were later happily smoking the clove cigarettes called kretek, doubtless mine, but it was entirely my own fault. One should not leave things around unattended, as "findings are keepings" and eyes are very sharp. Ten years ago it was not like that, but then a lot of other things were not the same either.



Man carrying a symbol in a cremation procession

September 27, 1983

I have decided to go to Bangli today to see my friend Linda Connor, an Australian anthropologist I met at the East-West Center in Honolulu when she was showing one of her films. If I wait, I may never go, as the preparations for the wedding will start and that will be it. It will be a big wedding, so everyone says. It took me about an hour to get to Bangli by bemo and cost around Rp. 450 each way. From Gianjar it is uphill all the way. Bangli is very different from Ubud. One feels as if one is perched up on a ridge. It is heavy and overcast and humid. I found the house after enquiring at a few warungs. It has two storeys and a thatched roof such as foreigners tend to prefer here, an odd mixture of Balinese and Western with an outside spiral wooden staircase. Linda was in Denpasar and would not be back till 3:00 p.m., so I went to a warung for a lunch of hard-boiled duck eggs, tipat rice, beanshoots, spinach, and crispy little fish, which they said came from Lake Batur. I went back to the house afterwards and slept for a while and then finished one of my paintings. Linda returned very tired. She had taken her friend, Djero, the balian whose work she has documented on film, to the dentist and optician. We had a marvellous chat while her little boy, not yet a year old, happily munched on the biggest pink and red hibiscuses we could find. Dinner was cooked for us by Desac, a young unmarried girl who looks after Linda. We had rice, green beans, suckling pig and chicken—all delicious. Desac and her friends have been making lots of Balinese cakes to serve their guests tomorrow at the burial ceremonies for her mother. My bed of bamboo with a foam rubber mattress had orangy yellow sheets, a red blanket, and purple batik bedspread—such lovely colors. I slept very well.

September 28, 1983

I was up early and walked with Desac and the baby to the temple down the road. Desac of course could not come in because of the death in the family, so I walked up to the two courtyards. There were fresh offerings on the ground, an old stone carved torso of a beautiful woman in a sarong, not unlike the ones at Penulisan temple, was propped up against a bale, and an almost life-sized carved figure of a seated man occupied one of the god-seats in front of a god house. Also there were what I presume were two more carved figures at the base of the steps to another god-seat, but they were swathed in white cloth and tied with string so I am not sure.

Linda and I had an early lunch, dressed Balinese, and went to the burial ground on the back of motorbikes. The family, friends, and the members of the banjar were all seated on the ground. There were sixty to seventy people, I should think. The pemangku was a very old man and there were two women assistants, probably experts in ritual offerings. First the family made a small mound over the grave, put the turf back on, and then laid new batiks and sarongs on it and surrounded it with a rectangular bamboo fence. Mats were spread around inside and offerings

and food were put on them. Prayers were said and holy water sprinkled all over, with many flowers everywhere. After the prayers, everyone helped themselves to the food items—the chicken was very popular. I was glad no one attempted to eat the very red and raw lawa or the sate, as both had been sitting around outside quite some time. After all this I got the bemo back home.

Very weird—on TV they showed a new type of Barong with only two legs and no rear-end. Most odd and not at all enchanting.

September 29, 1983

I danced tambulilingan and gabor pendet for Gung Rai in Puri Mumbul, having first asked Gung Ari Mas if she minded my doing that. Gung Rai said she liked it and there wasn't very much wrong with it that she could see—allowing me a good deal of leeway, I imagine.

September 30, 1983

Oh, my God, at 6:00 a.m. there was so much noise with the market. Gung Isteri Sarenkaun was full of excitement, buying masses of ducks for the festival at Saraswati tomorrow—very harrowing to see and hear them. Kutut was there as well. I made the mistake of coming out of my room too soon. I had been bitten to death during the night, and so I had sprayed the bed and covered myself in Off and had to open the door to survive it all. Once outside my door in the morning it is difficult to retreat, as it is taken as a signal that I am ready for breakfast. I had a very early breakfast. Oh dear. Gung Isteri said I should buy a duck, but I demurred, even though I know I shall eat duck; I do so like the ducks alive. I settled for mandarin oranges then quickly escaped to the Ubud Inn to see Berata. He was about to go to Gianjar, so he took me too. All along the road red and white flags are at half mast in remembrance of the attempted coup of 1965 when so many suspected Communists were killed.

I am having total war against the ngamuk (tiny, flying biting insects). My mattress has been out in the sun all day and I have sprayed both sides. I have also covered the open bathroom window with the remaining net, since they probably come in from the trees and river during the day. I plan to spray the room again tonight when all the windows are shut. I hope I shall survive all that. I am badly bitten.

October 1, 1983

The bites are better, so something must be working. They have all subsided and there are no new ones. I walked to Peliatan trying to find something to paint. I liked a cow in its wooden pen but there was no way to paint it except stand in the full sun, so I didn't do it. I went to Puri Mandala and saw all Gung Ari's family. Since I could not find what I wanted to paint I came back and went to the museum, Puri Lukisan, to see the exquisite paintings and sculptures there. I have seen them many times before but they always thrill me.

At dusk I went with the offerings from our courtyard to the Saraswati temple. It looked so beautiful across the lily pond with all the lights and flags and umbrellas. This is one of Agung's family temples, of very pleasing design and the possessor of a huge, perhaps eight feet or more, stone guardian figure of Djero Gde, which I have painted twice already. The pedanda and the tjokordas sat talking in one of the bales for a while then the pedanda prayed and everyone knelt. Gusti Biang from Puri Sarenkangin took me with her, and we knelt also. Agung's family knelt close to the house for the ancestors, and the close male family members went up and inside to pray. There were four types of holy water.

Afterwards, Gung Ari and Gung Rai gave us dinner in the temple. Tj. Putra came and talked to me. He told me that three days ago someone stole twelve of Ida Bagus Made's paintings in Tebasaya. This has never happened before and makes everyone nervous. Tj. Putra has had to put more night guards at the museum and Necker's Gallery is worried. Tj. Putra said that the worst part is that it may kill Ida Bagus's creativity. He is very, very upset.

In Bali, one meets an enormous array of different sorts of people from all over the world, of which I am one. One man I met was of an especially mixed heritage, which he was quick to delineate for me within the first few minutes of meeting. He said he intuitively knew a great deal about me—though guessing I am an artist could not have been too difficult, since I had a large drawing book evident in my bag at the time. However, he was fun to talk to. He insisted on hiring a car and driving me somewhere. I left him at my gateway in total darkness and pouring rain (the electricity having failed and there being no moon). He said he had no idea where his Home Stay was. I thought him quite capable of a solution.

I was in bed with my eyes closed trying to sleep when brilliant light silently exploded before my eyes. For a dreaded split second I feared I was about to have some soul-shattering vision. It was the electricity coming back on. I had a good laugh at that.

October 2, 1983

Gung Sri has arrived and she is busy in the kitchen—practicing her cooking, she says. After breakfast the man I met last night arrived and said he had the car, so did I want to go to Kintamani and Singaradja? I said yes, you go and fetch it and I will get my stuff together. Then he asked did I really want to go. I said yes again. "Well," he said. "What about the arrangements? Shall we share the cost—\$35 for the car, etc. etc." At this I demurred. I did not want to spend money going somewhere with someone I didn't know for a whole day. I was glad not to be going with him but rather disappointed not to be taking a trip of some sort. I decided to draw instead. Actually I ended up swimming in the pool at Campuan Hotel and chatting with people there.

The Pura Saraswati at Sangsit





I came home for lunch to discover a meeting going on between Tj. Gde of this courtyard and Suryadni and others of the Napi Orti newspaper and tourist office. They are to meet with the governor next week about a newspaper article on Ubud which appeared in an Australian newspaper. It seemed fairly innocuous to me, but I'm not sure what they think. Family began flooding into the courtyard from Puri Sarenkauh. The baby, Tj. Bagus, into whom Tj. Agung is reincarnated, is now walking and loves the smaller baby of Tj. Gde's wife. They were so sweet together. Never for a second were they not in someone's arms or with someone chasing after them or amusing them. What a lovely life they must lead--no harsh words and never a "no." Tj. Bagus likes me, which is only to be expected. I do wonder at the mothers of these two babies, or for that matter, perhaps most Balinese mothers. No attention is paid to them at all and the baby belongs to all the family. Perhaps it is good that they are not so madly possessive as Western mothers usually are.

October 3, 1983

A girl who is staying next door, and I, will go by bemo to Sangsit on the north coast tomorrow, so I make a trip after all. I have seen a painting by Ida Bagus Taman, which I think very beautiful. I would like to visit him at his house one day and see more of his work. He is one of the older artists.

I did a large drawing of the Puri Saren. I have to sit where the bemos and drivers all congregate outside the main entrance but this is the best position, although one must sit in all the dust and debris. It is fun, though, as people come and talk to me. Then I stopped in the second courtyard and began a second drawing of the garden, so I am very satisfied.

October 4, 1983

We left at 7:00 a.m. and went by bemo to just outside Denpasar. One must change to another bemo to get to the bus station. Here we took a slightly larger bus to Singaradja, crossing the mountains at Lake Bratan. It is one hell of a bus trip, and almost everyone feels slightly sick once the road begins to corkscrew and climb. Of course, the views are fabulous all the way, especially the tropical ferns and vegetation on the far side of the mountains above Singaradja. We arrived there at about 10:15 a.m. After a refreshing drink we decided to go straight to Lavina Beach and find a room so we would be sure of that and a chance to swim this evening. We finally found Lavina Beach Cottages, which was excellent. We had our own adjoining rooms and verandah. The shower and john were roofless at the back but the top of the wall was covered with broken glass and barbed wire. There were also good bolts on the doors. It is necessary to be more careful here, because this is not a village and there is easy access from the beach.

Since one of the objects of our trip was to see the famous Pura Bejet at Sangsit, we went out immediately and took a bemo to Singaradja and then another to Sangsit. When we got to the Singaradja bus station, we were so tired that we rushed to the nearest warung. Most of them were already out of food, but one had delicious hot rice, pieces of crispy cooked pork, pork sausage, and hot spicy gravy. It was incredibly inexpensive and such a good lunch. We felt marvellous after this and caught the bemo to Sangsit, along the coast road with the sea not very far away on the left hand side. As we entered the village we took a look at the first temple, a rice temple, on the right hand side. Here we sat in an open bale in the shade, and I made a sketch of some carvings on a stone. Then we continued through the village, taking a turn to the left. Down the road we found the Pura Bejet.

It really is a most remarkable temple, quite unlike any other I have seen in Bali. It is surrounded by a fully carved wall telling a story—perhaps one should call it a frieze. There is just so much to see there that one should spend a week, with an interpreter. I should like to have done many drawings, but I knew we did not have time. The priestess who had let us in was waiting and at least thirty children grappled for our attention, giving us flowers. I sat for a while and just tried to take it all in, but it was rather difficult to concentrate. I best remember the old gnarled frangipani trees in the inner courtyard and the many steep high steps up the high pavilion. We took the bemo back to Singaradja and another to Lavina Beach just as the light was fading. I fell into the sea (rather carefully as it was only about one foot deep, the tide being out) and floated, looking at the sky in the very warm motionless water clear enough to see the magnified dark purple black sand beneath. They served us dinner in the central bale; we had nasi goreng, vegetable goreng, fried potatoes, gado-gado, and hot sauce. Instant bed and sleep under my sarong.

October 5, 1983

I woke early and when it was a little lighter I went to the beach. No one was around. A fishing boat eventually appeared from the far horizon and dropped anchor. A prau went out and collected three men who held a bundle of fish in each hand—yellow-fin tuna. They rushed away to the road to take the fast bemo to Singaradja before the fish spoiled. I swam, or rather floated, again. It was a little deeper. Delicious Balinese coffee, scrambled eggs, which were rather spicy, buttered toast and honey. Later I had a second swim when the tide was high and the water ruffled by a breeze but still crystal clear, black blue water. We left around 11:00 a.m., and the manager of the hotel gave us a lift to Singaradja, direct to the bus station where a bus was waiting. Just as we were about to leave, a girl tourist outside the bus collapsed in tears. She had called the police because in the middle of the night she had been robbed while she slept and she recognized a man in our bus as the one who was with her the night before. He had seen her home after a party on the beach, I believe. Personally, I wasn't too sorry for her.



The wedding invitation of Tj. Putra

She had really asked for it by partying on the beach till late at night and being taken home by someone she scarcely knew. Foolish to do this when you are by yourself. Could she have done this safely in Hawaii or New York? Absolutely not. We got back to Ubud about 3:00 p.m., really very quick when you consider all the changes of bemo involved.

October 6, 1983

I did some painting of the drawing of the Puri Saren garden.

October 7, 1983

To Denpasar with Berata to collect the galley sheets of Agung's book from the printer. We then went to the Bali Beach Hotel and discovered they have sold three copies of my journal. The Hyatt Hotel had sold two and the Sanur Beach none. When I got back to Puri Saren I found Tj. Putra and another man tying gold ribbon round the crimson and gold wedding invitations. I helped them for a while. As always, they tell me that I cannot leave till after all the ceremonies, and that may be at least one or two weeks after the wedding. My visa runs out two days after the wedding, so it will be difficult. Apparently Tj. Oka has already talked to someone about it, and I was pleased he had remembered, especially when he is so busy. Oh, how I dread trying to alter my visa and the plane tickets.

I proofread twenty-two pages this evening, so it will take me at least a week to do the whole thing.

October 8, 1983

Walked to the Ubud Inn to give Berata money to pay the printer on Monday. Berata was not there, so I walked to Campuan. It was very hot and I went to the temple and sat for a while in the shade, but there was no breeze. It is a good place to tell Agung about the book. I am too scared to see him, and I kept explaining that to Agung in case he should appear. But he knows how I feel, so I am sure he will not appear. I do occasionally dream of him, naturally. I climbed back up the huge steps to the road and enjoyed the cool of Murni's Restaurant, where I had hot orange juice and sago. I even caught a bemo back to the puri, as the weather is really oppressive. I proofread only fifteen pages but my eyes just wouldn't cooperate with my brain.

I later went into Puri Saren and found Tj. Putra with the two young German men who have a house in Campuan, Edmond and Martin, and who were here for Agung's cremation. We had a long chat about the dismal state of the world. The saying "See no evil, hear no evil, speak no evil" is, in Bali, translated as "See, but do not see, hear, but do not hear, and speak, but do not speak." What a subtle difference. We talked of pollution and what can be done about it, for instance, alternative fuel for cars. We spoke of acid rain, how trees are dying in Germany and

Canada. The man was the younger one, saying that already we are learning to read, write and that each generation must work things out as best they can with the changing circumstances. When we said that grass may one day only grow under the trees in a museum, he said, "So, the children will be happy with the time they have." I am so glad I live now and not in the future.

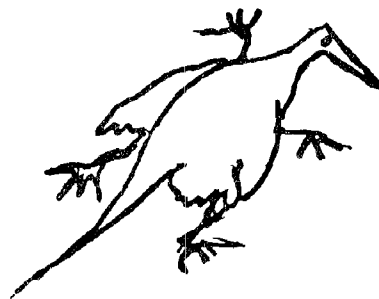
Before supper I was torn as to whether to proofread or to go see Legong in Peking and I decided I had better give proofreading priority. Later I was watching the TV. First Rai and the boys when a young couple knocked on the door and began talking. The man said, "I have seen you before. You must be the person who wrote the book. I have just bought it and must put it away. I really like it. It is both amusing and informative." He introduced himself as Carl, and his wife was Indonesian. He was the General Beverage Manager for the Bali Beach Hotel. He said that his assistant staff had also bought a copy, so my sale of three books to the hotel staff had also bought a copy for two thirds staff.

I have just thought that I should get my journal translated into Indonesian and published in Bali. It is educational for all Indonesians to learn about their own country, even if through the eyes of a foreigner, particularly when some who live far away in Sumatra, Java, Sulawesi, etc. know almost as little about Bali as any foreigner and understand the Balinese even less. Of course, Agung's book should be translated, but Balinese are rare. I wonder how I go about translating this journal until both are published in Bali.

October 9, 1963

I made gijang cakes, and Mr. Marajan Agung and ate lunch with the family there. Later I wrote and read proof. Gung Sri and her mother came. She said she had a headache, and so did not make offerings, but I did. In the evening I did in any case make offerings for her own wedding. I told her she was very lucky to have time for leisure; her poor husband was working his head off in the puri while she sat nothing to do. "Like queen," she said impishly. In the Puri Saren, Ti. Puteh sat in the central pala with all the tjokordas having a family meeting. He was in another bale with the staff of Napi Orti newspaper, and in the other bales other meetings were going on.

In the early evening, a young man wandered into my courtyard and chatted with me. He was a student to learn woodcarving in Sebatu. He says he has heard that in this world; there are too many people who are not happy. He is not there. A lot of the present generation find life here sad, and it is a main reason why so many do not bother to marry. The life here is not the be-all and the end-all that it was. Is this a new world or a new concept?



The danggup-danggup

October 10, 1983

Ktut was here at the crack of dawn. He comes almost every day. Poor thing—I talk to him a bit and give him a cigarette or a piece of bread and jam or biscuits. Today he helped clear the table and make my bed for me and sweep the room, as Gusti Putu Taman is still at home sick. His friends say he overworks himself, painting and drawing till late at night and early in the morning and all during the day. He doesn't get enough exercise, they say.

I went to Denpasar with Berata. He tried to pay half the money to the printer, but the man was not there. They will just have to wait till we feel like going there again. I tried to find a glass showcase to put my book in at Rai's shop, but I could not find a small enough one.

Later I watched legong in the outer courtyard of the Puri Saren. I think it is the best of settings; the tiny oil lights went all the way up the gateway behind the dancers and provided just the right amount of light for the performers. I thought the dancers excellent.

October 11, 1983

I went to the Puri Saren again to make more djajen—pink, white, yellow, and black today. Fascinating to see all the flowers, animals, people, etc., that are made. It is like doll-making. I made a danggup danggup, a creature rather like a black gecko with wings like a bat, but it was very poorly made and will fall apart. I did it just for fun. We worked till lunch at 11:30 a.m., after which I am encouraged to return and sleep. I proofread to page 63. At last it rained. We badly need it.

October 12, 1983

I have proofread to page 72. I am worried about Immigration and my ticket but can do nothing till about October 25 and then it will all be a horrid rush. I read some more proof and did some painting.

October 13, 1983

I went to the Bali Beach Hotel. Thai Airlines told me it was okay to change my reservation but not to cancel it altogether, so I feel better about that. I went for a swim and the sea was very warm, indeed. The couple I met the week before, Carl and Anastine, took me to lunch in one of the hotel's beautiful restaurants. I had red snapper. They said that some guests never leave the hotel and grounds during the whole of their stay. They go to a different restaurant each night and play golf and swim in the pool and are quite happy.

October 14, 1983

More proofreading and making offerings in the Puri Saren. All very quiet in the afternoon. The rains are definitely coming; it began to rain hard at 5:00 p.m.

October 15, 1983

Berata was here very early with a rather complicated letter needing a reply. Last night was really exciting. I awoke to a terrific thunderstorm. I stood in the doorway watching and every now and then dashing to the bathroom window at the back to see if the river had risen thirty feet to the pathway. Of course, it had not, but I couldn't help thinking of the tidal waves that do sweep down them sometimes. I also feared that my new untried roof might collapse. I am a born worrier. I did hear this morning that a house in Campuan collapsed under a mud slide. No one was hurt. I shall find out more later. I plan to walk down there, rain or no. It didn't stop raining till after 10:00 a.m. I finished proofreading the book.

Actually I didn't go to Campuan but chatted in the puri with some visitors. I was watching people come and go. Tj. Putra sees people all day long, one would think he'd lose his voice.

There is legong in Peliatan tonight, and I plan to walk there with Gusti Putu Taman. I had not understood that it is now held in the banjar building in the cremation field, which is less than half way to Peliatan, so of course we arrived early. It was just lovely. Both Berata's daughters danced.

October 16, 1983

Just as I went to bed at about nine the heavens opened again, and I don't think it stopped pouring all night. It is still raining heavily this morning, and the rivers rose eight or nine feet. Our new roof was in danger of collapsing because the drains were blocked with leaves and debris, so Ida Bagus and the boys climbed up onto the roof. They were soaked, and it took them an hour at least to make it safe, with much laughter and hilarity throughout. I slipped and slopped my way to Puri Saren and made only two small palm-leaf trays three inches by three inches each. I find them impossible to make and gave up very exasperated. Finally, I just helped Gung Ari by holding a tall basket while she attached decorative rice cookies to it with string and balanced a covering of flowing palm-leaf fronds on top of it. Very pretty when all finished. I hope it stays pale green for tomorrow. I came home after lunch and changed into cotton trousers; I must always wear Balinese dress to make the offerings. Since the rain had almost stopped I walked down to Campuan and up the other side to Edmond and Martin's house. They had two visitors, but I joined them. We had a jolly time drinking gin and tonic sitting on the second floor of their house and enjoying the view of the swollen river in the valley. Apparently there are still alu



living in certain places of the river. They are almost an endangered species, since the Balinese like to eat them and their skin is thought to be good medicine. I have seen a stuffed one. They are about four feet long with short, sharp teeth. They appear to be a cross between a crocodile and a big lizard or iguana. I have never seen a live one. Apparently they are very shy—and with good reason.

October 17, 1983

Berata and I went to the printer and left the galley sheets with the corrections. We do not know when they will be ready. I am relieved to have that part done. Not so much left for me to do now. I made a notice to put in Wajan Rai's shop window in Ubud saying, "A Balinese Journal For Sale Here." Otherwise who is to know there is such a thing? We shall see if sales improve. I dashed into the Puri Saren to see what time the Blessing Ceremonies for the rebuilt palace will be. Tj. Oka said, "It must be 12 noon, as that is the right time for the Blessing, so come at 11:30 a.m." I dressed Balinese and duly returned 11:30. No sign of the ceremony, though offerings and decorations were still being put in place. Also an aerial for the TV was being set up on the roof. Lunch was being served, and I was pressed to eat. Then as I was leaving, I saw that the door to Agung's memorial room, which is now on the right as you enter, was open. His Chinese bed is made up with pink sheets and his blanket, his sandals are by the bed, and lots of photos and the big oil painting of him are above the bed. They were about to hang a photo of Agung's father, but I asked if I could clean the glass first. I ended up cleaning all the glass. There is a photo of Agung and his brothers when they were young men, also one with Mr. Singgeh, the lawyer, and another when Agung was just home from prison. Oh dear, so sad, the tjokorda from Puri Sarenkauh holding his poor head because he like Agung was beaten in prison and he went deaf in one ear. Sad, sad.

They said the blessing would be around four or five o'clock. About quarter to four I went back and heard the pedanda's bell, so raced back to bathe and redress. I got there, closely followed by the family, in time for a half hour of the praying. Eventually we all prayed on the ground in front of the palace. The high priest from Dawan remembered me, as did his wife. Afterwards a delicious dinner was served to us all in the puri on the back verandah beneath the new stone carving, which is especially lovely all lit up.

It was pointed out to me today how few fighting cocks there are to be seen by the side of the road nowadays. This is true, and it does make a big difference. The dawn is not hailed as of yore with an island-wide ruffling of feathers and stretching of legs and greetings, challenges, or polite good mornings to the rooster over the wall or in the next village. No two cocks sound exactly alike, and the calls ripple back and forth across the island like feathers on a gusty day. There are some cocks, but it is not the same full chorus it was. Cockfights can now only take place as part of a temple festival, and gambling on them is

strictly forbidden. A pity, I think, as gamblers will just find something else to gamble on. One must make one's own choice in life whether to drink, smoke, eat, or gamble oneself to death. I don't doubt that one-armed bandits and electronic games will speedily fill in the gap. Cricket fights are also a thing of the past. They were a source of much noisy joy to Balinese men, and caring for the tiny antagonists was quite a skill.

October 18, 1983

First came Ida Bagus, quite early, and we talked of the rain and the damage to the roof. Then the artist Lantour came, and I showed him my books and paintings.

I met a man today who lives in Hawaii but who is at present living in India and travelling through Sumatra and Java. His name is Mark Nichter and it is strange that we have not met before. He and his family will be back in Hawaii in the fall of 1984 so if we are all still alive, we may meet again. (We met again in Hawaii in August 1985, as this journal was being edited.)

This evening I heard gamelan, and so chased down the road and found the first practice of the Baris Lelampahan. Gamelan players from Ubud, Pedangtigal, and other villages were trying to learn the music. They had all been to Batur to watch as much of the dance as could be remembered by the dancers and to listen to the music, of which they had made a tape. By the end of the practice it was beginning to come together. Tomorrow the dancers will start.

October 19, 1983

Ktut was here early this morning. I have been reading Mosquito Coast by Paul Theroux. What a fantastic writer he is. The character of the Father is so compelling. He voices all our thoughts. Is the father Paul Theroux, or is he Paul's father, or what? There are so many comparisons and analogies. He makes a sort of paradise and then destroys it, all because of the threat from greedy outsiders. It is such a savage book. I think Paul Theroux is savage, too; the fury is in his other books, a savage disappointment with mankind which I rather share. As the Father so rightly says, "The man who knows all the answers is soon dead." Yes, we simply cannot stand the perfect man, he is a great pain in the neck. I myself find saintly people extremely trying, so I know what he means. I'm not sure I would go as far as to crucify one, but the urge to stick pins in them is certainly a strong one. Father, in the book, does the Robinson Crusoe back-to-nature bit and shows us where it gets you—nowhere very much different from anywhere else. I find the book terrible in its unbearable truth, but I didn't really believe in Father's children, who have so little feeling for their father or each other as to be almost inhuman.

To get the book out of my mind I walked to Ananda Cottages above Campuan and left a copy of my journal there and then walked on to Necker Gallery. The artist Blanco has done a beautiful old man's face in watercolor and it is dated 1980. Hans Snell also appears to be painting again. I saw Theo Meier's and Ari Schmitt's work and one or two paintings by Donald Friend and only one by Kay It.

When I got home I nearly finished the puri garden painting. After dinner I went again to gamelan practice. Dancing tomorrow, they say.

October 20, 1983

It is hot and sticky after a cold night. Ktut was here but in between chatting to him I managed to write a piece for Napi Orti newspaper and do a little painting. I went to see Gung Rai and she and I have decided we will try to go to Selat on October 30, a Sunday. We want to walk some of the way Agung took with the Holy Weapons so many years ago. I am very happy about this, if it really happens.

October 21, 1983

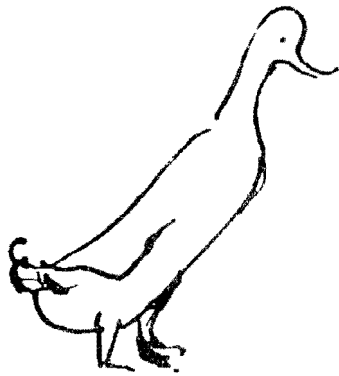
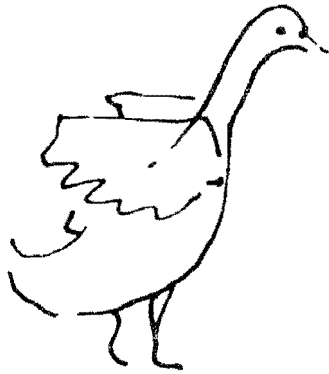
I was up early, even before Ktut arrived. Suddenly I decided I couldn't stand the yearning of the lone male duck, Waikiki, for a companion. His first mate died. He keeps trying to get into the baskets of doomed ducks in the market. He doesn't realize how lucky he is. They don't intend to eat him here, apparently. I asked Gusti Putu Taman to come with me to the market just outside, and we bought a light brown young lady duck. Waikiki knew the moment we appeared with the young lady and eagerly ran to his bedroom. Both were shy and timid but kept close together chattering and preening. We cannot let them out till tomorrow, as she would run away and he with her. The river is too swollen and dangerous for them to swim in anyway. At least I am happier now.

I went to Napi Orti tourist office to type up my short piece for them and then walked to Campuan to swim. Lovely cold clean water; as they have just refilled the pool. I walked back with Berata's nephew, who has just got his ticket and visa to go to Belgium for three months. He will stay with a Belgian couple there. He wants to learn French.

At the gamelan practice this evening, there were all sorts of gurus and performers, among them a dalang and a pemangku. John Darling and his wife were also there. He has just got back from a trip to Australia.

October 22, 1983

Gusti Putu Taman and I set out by bemo to Pujung. From there we walked to Sebatu. We both sat and did drawings of the water temple and then walked on up to the top of the village. Friends of mine want a two or three-foot old, wooden carving of a high priest, a pedanda, not halus (fine), so we looked in every shop. Of primary importance is for it to be very lightweight. (What a terrible criterion when choosing a work of art.) We looked at hundreds. We went back and bathed at the temple.



Waikiki (left) and Honolulu (right)

The water is so cold and clear and comes out of the spouts with such force that it is hard to put one's head directly underneath without breaking one's neck. I painted some of my drawing and then we returned to Pujung. There was no lunch left in the warungs, so we visited some more carvers and eventually found a nice old pedanda, not too heavy and with a cheerful face, made by the old man in the shop, I think, as the face was similar to his. We took the bemo to Tegallalan where we ate a delicious lunch of the best hot rice, chicken, beans, and tempeh with hot sauce. Very good, indeed. Everyone seems to go there. They cook rice all day. We got home at around three. Gung Isteri Asmari and Tj. Gde of this courtyard had arrived. There was a deluge, making the preparation of dinner of paramount difficulty as the rain pours into the kitchen as if there were no roof—which there practically isn't.

October 23, 1983

As if on cue, six men arrived very early from Pedangtugal with bamboo poles to repair the kitchen. They took off the remains of alang alang, old corrugated iron pieces, and bits of plaiting. I am mystified as to what they will use for the new roof. So far, only the long bamboo poles have arrived. I went to Puri Saren to make rice cakes and arrange flowers of every color. I came back around one o'clock to find a brand new tin roof in place. My ducks came out this evening and revelled in the rain and the puddles and had their first bath since the new Lady Honolulu, arrived.

October 24, 1983

I could see Ktut's shadow in dawn's early light outside my window at 5:00 a.m. Oh dear, poor thing. He doesn't realize it is so early. I closed my eyes and made myself wait till 6:15, as otherwise I get too exhausted. I gave Ktut some toast and jam and some mango. I am sure he had not had breakfast. Also, before I had eaten, Berata's nephew came, but I had to eat first and he disappeared. Then during breakfast, we nearly lost Waikiki and Honolulu, whose one desire is to join their ill-fated friends noisily lamenting in the market. We have had to lock them up again. The Puri Saren is still a mass of men making thatch roofing for the bamboo awnings covering the courtyard—all calling to me and asking if I still dance. I said yes, I still practice once a week, which is true.

I was delighted to meet Ron Harrison again after all these years. He saw me dance that first year I was here. He says he is reading my book. What a good thing I left it at Ananda Cottages where he is staying. He says he used to be a lecturer on hearing difficulties but he now owns two Japanese restaurants in Melbourne. I also met a woman who said she had just bought my book. As this is the last day for making djajen, rice cakes, I went to help and found them making rice-cake figures for the Pergembal, the rice-cake offering. I watched them make the character of

the Councillor in arja, also a baris dancer and the two large hands of Boma. Each figure is dressed complete with pants and underskirts and patterns on the cloth. They stick bamboo slivers into the arms, body and legs where the bones would be, to keep it upright. With the hands, they run them up the fingers. It made me blanche.

In the evening I went to the gamelan practice where the baris dancers were beginning to learn their moves, also the eight girl dancers. All are experienced dancers, some from other villages. There were two dalangs to tell the story, and pemangku, and a teacher of gamelan from Tampaksiring. They have only three more days now before the wedding and every spare minute will be spent in practice. The girls are all in school and must also do their school work.

The revival of an old, almost forgotten dance is quite an enormous task. First came the idea, which I believe was mooted by John Darling, he having seen reference to it in a book by Walter Speis. The older dancers and gamelan players are scattered throughout the island and must first be reached, which often involves a long walk across the rice fields, and the idea must be discussed with them. One cannot just pick up a phone, or dash off in a car, or even write a letter. All must be done in the correct order and sequence. Each individual when contacted must be sure that his community understands what he will be doing and concurs. The permission of the entire gamelan group will have to be secured. Again, this is not just a case of picking up the phone. Meetings will have to be held and the matter discussed. Transport must also be arranged for them to get to Ubud for the practices, or perhaps arrangements will be made for them to stay in Ubud as guests. The actual dance practice, when it at last occurs, is the culmination of many hours of carefully laid groundwork. You do not just go and arrange in Tampaksiring or Batur for the best person. It is not like that. Word must come from the right people, hierarchies must be observed and respected, and no one must step on another's toes. Living in Bali is harmonious only because everyone is very careful not to offend or override his neighbor.

October 25, 1983

I wrapped my wedding present painting for Tj. Putra and made a card to go with it. Ktut came, so I took him across the road for nasi campur, which he really enjoyed. I had made a notice, "A Balinese Journal--light, easy reading about life in Ubud," and took it to the Napi Orti office where we pinned it to the wall. That's the best advertising one could have.

They are working on the central bale opposite Agung's, now Putra's, house. It is draped in gorgeous gold-painted cloths, including the pillars. More than fifty men are working there. In the temple the women are making palm-leaf offerings.

A big procession from Taman went to the temple, I think the Pura Desa. There were tiny girls wearing palm-leaf headdresses I have not seen before, young girls in dance costume, and many other beautiful girls with identical offerings. Two new god-seats, so I am told, were also in the procession. They will come back with the Barong and take him to Taman for their ceremonies.

I later went to the gamelan practice, as I do every night. The girls are still learning the dance. It seems as though it will never be ready by Friday. This is Tuesday.

October 26, 1983

Berata and I went to the Immigration Office in Denpasar to see if I can get an extension for a week. As I had rather thought, this was not possible, but at least we tried. I wanted an extra week, or even two, as the wedding ceremonies are by no means over with just the wedding. There is a very important day when the bride returns to her own home to pray in the house temple. However, it was not meant to be that I should be present. I am very happy with being here for the wedding day only.

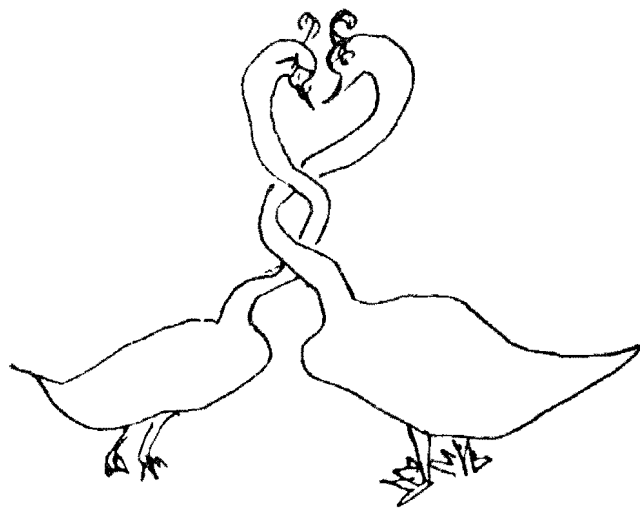
October 27, 1983

In the Puri Saren I met a young woman from Melbourne who also came to Bali as a result of reading Santha Rama Rau's book East of Home. I met a lovely older Dutch man, too, who had taught in Surabaya for many years and used to bicycle with his students to Bali for vacations. He was a POW in Burma and Thailand, a very vital person, and I can imagine he got on well with Agung. I keep going in and out of the puri and meeting people I have known who are here for the wedding. The puri is more and more filled with flowers and decorations and people coming and going.

Gading came and gave me a wonderful massage. How I wish he lived in Honolulu, but then if he did I could never afford him.

I went to the gamelan practice, which was in the wantilan. They went right through the performance, everyone still learning. I made a tape of some of it. The guru is from Taman, Gusti Ktut Sankeh. The son of Tj. Mas who dances Rawana, the evil king in the Ramayana, is one of the Baris dancers, and A.A. Anom is Arjuna, one of the five handsome hero brothers of the Mahabharata. The gong leader is from Tampaksiring.

When I got back Gung Sri had arrived from Denpasar all her friends were sitting on the verandah having a good chat, all in Balinese dress and looking very lovely. There were about ten of them. Their mothers were inside sitting around the table with lots of snacks and food and tea and coffee. As I went off to bed they told me to be up early.



on my card to Tj. Putra & Gung Sri

My card to Tj. Putra and Gung Sri



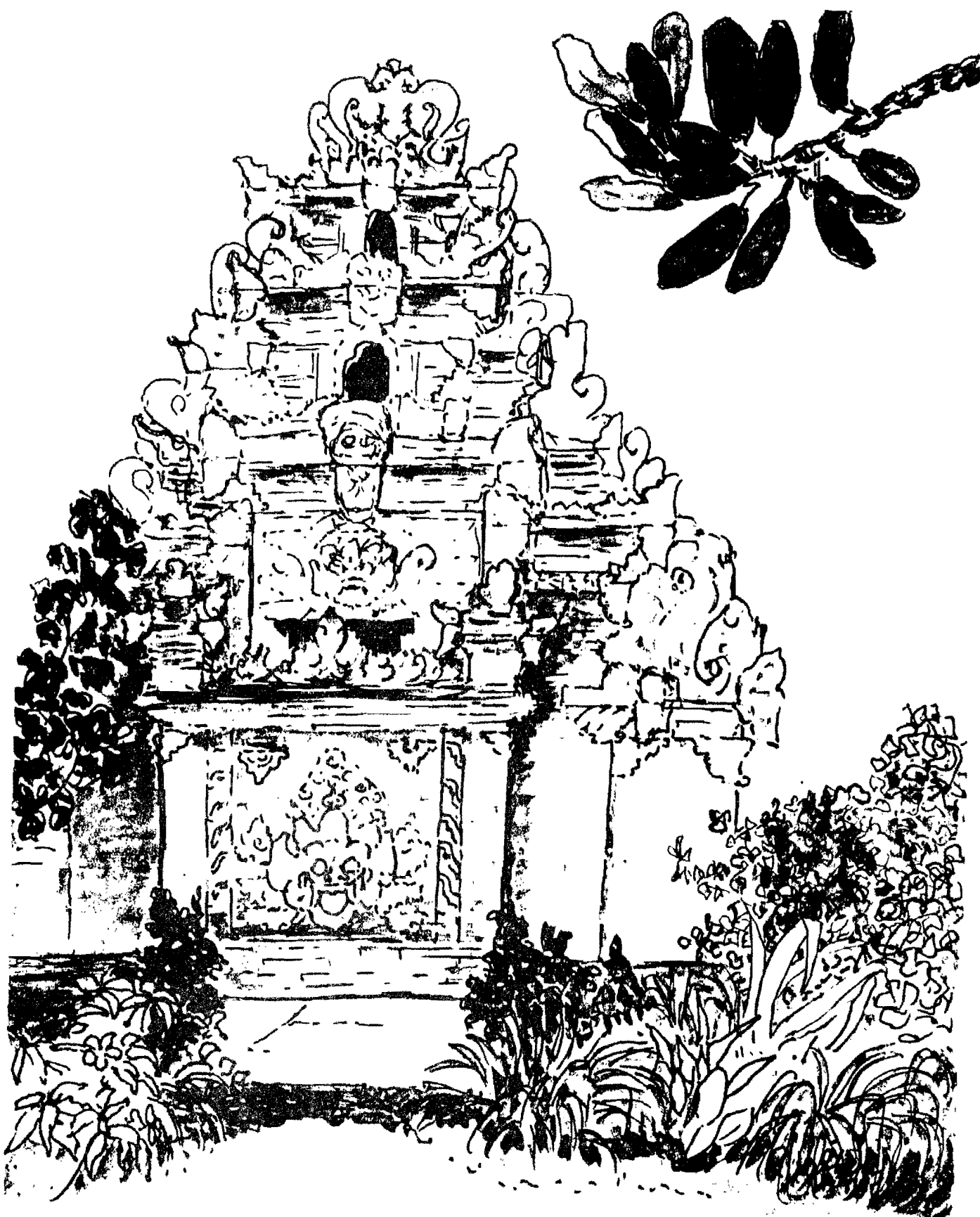
October 28, 1983

I was up early, at 4:45 a.m. Ktut was here already. Gung Niang was praying in the house temple so I washed, dressed Balinese, and had breakfast and was then told that Gung Sri had already left for the courtyard next door, so I trotted off to join in her wait for Tj. Putra to come and formally collect her. I found her in the house where the pedanda had stayed in the bale next to mine in 1971, sitting demurely on one of the three beds with Gung Isteri from Puri Sarenkauh and about five other wives. We all sat on the edge of the beds and later Gung Alit, daughter of Gusti Biang, Sarenkangin, and Mrs. Oka of Puri Sarenkangin and Gung Ti, daughter of Gung Isteri of Puri Sarenkauh, and lots of others also joined us. The governor's wife also came and sat with us. Her husband was on the verandah outside. It got very crowded, and those who couldn't get in peered in through the back door.

Gung Sri sat near the side window and was very quiet and calm. She was dressed in a gorgeous sarong with gold thread woven through it and an apricot lace kebaya. TV men came in and took photos and set up their cameras outside. Tj. Putra was due to arrive at about 8:00 a.m., but I think we waited nearly two hours. Eventually we heard them coming along the road. The woman who had been holding a 7-Up bottle of Holy Water wrapped in a banana leaf put offerings on the floor in front of the closed door and prayed. We heard the men laughing and chatting on the verandah outside. One of the women began to chant and was answered by a solo chanter outside. I heard lots of sniffles and saw Gung Isteri crying and then noticed all the others. I guess the chant was a sentimental one. Gung Sri was also affected. When it was over they covered her completely with a yellow silk scarf and opened the door. Tj. Lingseer from Puri Kantor, an old and much venerated man, came in followed by Tj. Putra, the bridegroom. Tj. Lingseer put his hands on Gung Sri's head and then passed her over to Tj. Putra who took a firm hold and helped the now sightless girl out of the narrow door.

In the old days the bride was totally wrapped up in white cloth, as one already dead, and was carried to her husband-to-be's house and there unwrapped by him to a new life. Now the yellow silk scarf symbolizes all that. Outside the house a huge crowd of family, guests, and spectators had gathered and, of course, the TV crew. The couple led the way, walking through the courtyards back to the Puri Saren inner courtyard where Tj. Putra and Gung Sri entered the palace and the door was closed. Ostensibly I think they were consummating the marriage. Anyway, everyone sat around and drank soft drinks, tea, or coffee. After about an hour, representatives of the family knocked on the door to see if they were ready for the ceremonies to begin.

After a little while they came out and down the front steps between the stone lions to where the pemangku was waiting to perform the marriage rites in the space between the steps and the central bale. There was very little room with the huge Pergembal on one side and the decorative



The gateway between the first and second courtyard  
Puri Saren

pig's fat offering on the other. It was difficult to see exactly what happened there, but they did proceed three times round in a tight circle, the walk of life, genuflecting to the right of the steps where the ancestors bury the umbilical cords of their newborn boys and where fires had been lit. Then Tj. Putra ceremonially stabbed the banana leaf with his kris—not once but twice, I think.

(For a more accurate accounting of what took place, see the excerpt describing the wedding taken from the Napi Orti Ubud newspaper, which is no longer being published, included at the back of this Journal.)

The bride and groom were blessed by the pemangku and then returned to their rooms. Here they had lunch and afterwards very close family members went in to congratulate them. There was not much privacy for them now. We all had lunch, about three hundred, perhaps, the men being served in front of the palace and the women at the back. It was most delicious—rice, vegetables, sate, and various other spicy dishes. Afterwards I went to watch Gung Sri dress for the 3:30 ceremony. It took about 2 1/2 hours. I watched the dressers put the final touches on her upswept hair and added hairpiece set in a very high knot. Two short side pieces of her own hair were carefully curved and stiffened in front of her ears. Then her face was made up. This took a very long time and was so painstakingly done that there were no mistakes. It was right the first time. The hairline was filled in like a dancer's, and her eyebrows were darkened and eyes made up with shadow and mascara. They did not overdo the white powder, and she looked very lovely and quite natural, with only very little lipstick. A gold headband was tied in place across her forehead, and in front of that another gold piece with jewels in it was attached. Then layer upon layer of cempaka flowers on bamboo sticks were inserted above the hairpieces. Beaten gold flowers on metal stems sprang up behind the flowers, all of this in front of the high topknot of hair. Lastly, tiny yellow star orchids decorated the bun, Traditional earrings of solid gold rolls were attached to her ears. The headdress towered above her small delicate face, one-third face to two-thirds headdress.

All this time Gung Sri sat at the end of her double bed with two and sometimes three dressers. The rest of us, as many as sixteen to twenty people or more, sat on the floor between her bed and the door. Every now and then Tj. Putra appeared to make sure she was in good spirits. I was surprised to see that on either side of the head of the bed were tables piled high with offerings on palm-leaf or banana-leaf platters. There was a jolly suckling pig, his tail toward us, a roasted duck, and a roasted chicken with curled up toes and black beady eyes. Above the middle of the bed and resting against the wall was the family kris in its red velvet holder. Actually offerings of slaughtered pigs, chickens, or ducks are less offensive, when you think about it, than a picture or statue of a near-naked man nailed to a cross with thorns jammed down on his forehead, which might well be found in a Westerner's bedroom.



The bride, showing her hair and headdress

At 1:30 p.m. I went home to bathe and change and returned to the Puri Saren at 2:30 p.m. to wait in front of the palace. I watched the guests arrive, among them the governor of Bali. In the inner courtyard, government officials were on the verandah of the house on the left side of the palace where they had a good view of the pedanda from Dawan, who was beginning to pray in the central bale. At last Tj. Putra and Gung Sri came out in gorgeous robes, utterly splendid. "The splendor of Bali" was the phrase that kept running through my head. Tj. Putra wore a gold-embroidered black velvet jacket, his sarong was of gold-painted cloth, the headdress of gold-embroidered purple fabric. He wore the family kris. The bride was dressed entirely in gold-painted purple cloth. The sarong was miles long and swept between her ankles in a long train behind her. Broad bands of gold-painted cloth were wound around her from mid-hip up to beneath her arms. She also wore bracelets and armbands. Her shoulders and neck were bare except for a wide gold collar encrusted with jewels. She looked like the elongated wood carvings, tall and slender.

A white sheet had been spread from the front doors of the palace and down the steps. They walked to the top of the steps, where they were each seated on the crossed arms of two guards and carried to the bottom of the steps. There they were placed on golden chairs set on trestles and carried shoulder high to the central bale, where they were placed side by side in front of the pedanda. Gung Ari Mas stood directly behind them and was their chief attendant. There were prayers and holy water, and a very heavy load of Chinese coins was draped around the bride. Finally they turned to face one another, and they simultaneously fed each other three large spoonfuls of rice and then a glass of water. The crush of people was tremendous up there, but we managed to move back so that the guards could carry them out to their chairs in the second courtyard where they again dismounted in order to pass up, through, and down the gateway into the first courtyard where the guard of honor was lined up waiting with the Holy Weapons. Gung Sri led the procession sitting high up in her chair, the long train of her sarong hanging straight down in front making her seem enormously tall and stately. Emerging from the main gateway they turned right to go to the Marajan Agung. The steps at the entrance to this temple are very high and steep. Once again they sat on the crossed arms of the retainers and were carried up into the temple. I am not sure, but I think they walked once they were in the temple. In the second courtyard they knelt facing Mt. Agung, the family in a half-circle behind them. There were prayers and holy water for the bride and groom, while all the rest of us knelt. Finally we were all sprinkled with holy water. I think they walked to the top of the steps and were carried down to the waiting chairs. The procession moved back to the Puri Saren, the couple going through all the gateways on the arms of the retainers and traversing the courtyards in their chairs. They then retired to their rooms for a short while. I went and congratulated them. The family was in and out all the time, everyone lined up to congratulate them. Later they came out for hand shaking and photographs.



A pedanda praying with a flower

I went and sat outside to wait for the performance of the Baris Lelampahan, the story of Arjuna Wiwaha, which everyone but me already knew. I was determined not to miss it after all those rehearsals. I found I had not at all understood it from the rehearsals. It was a stunning performance.

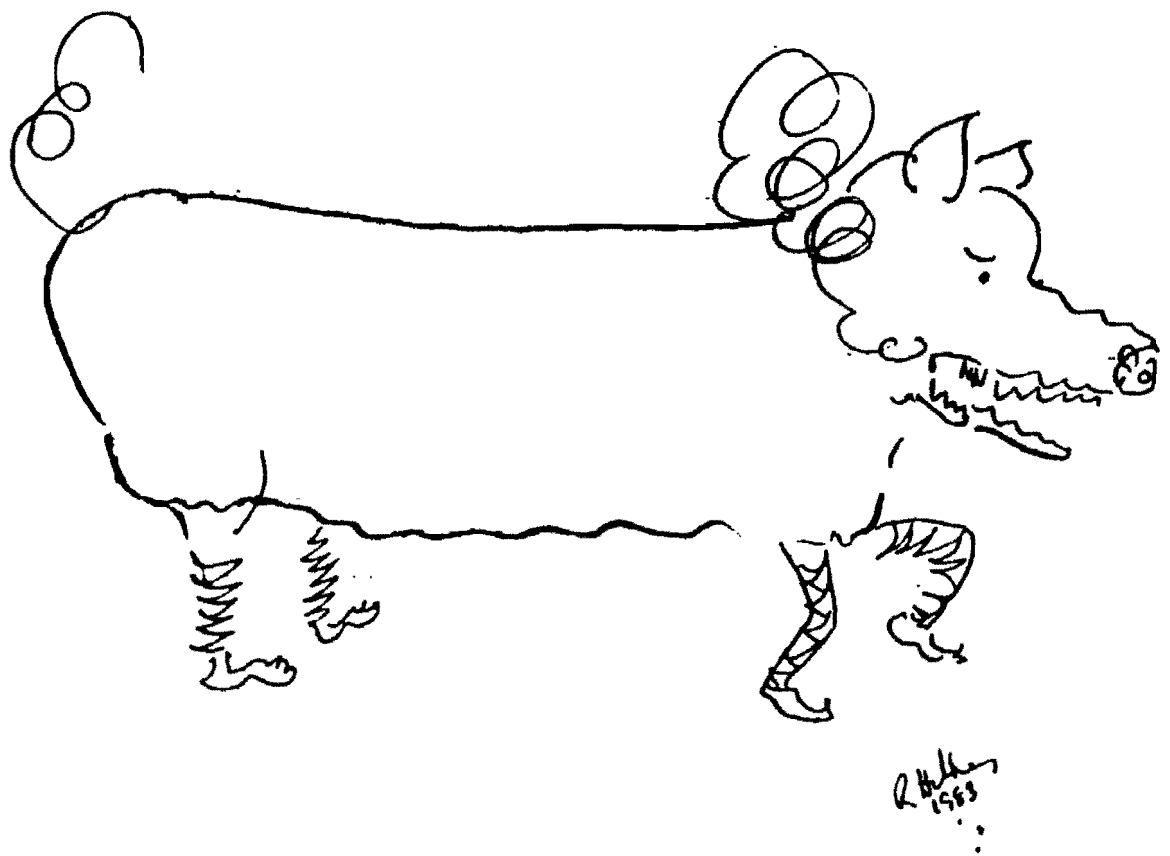
As I understand it, Arjuna is determined to meditate in the forest. Beautiful immortals, or maybe naughty spirits, come and try to distract him, but his meditation is too deep and he remains undisturbed. A wicked pig, looking similar to the Pig Barong but more likely Rangda in disguise, comes and tries to eat Arjuna. At this Arjuna awakens and together with another baris dancer shoots the pig dead with arrows. They then quarrel over who did the killing. Rangda, the spirit of the vanquished pig, appears and concedes that it was Arjuna who did the killing, and so the story ends.

October 9, 1983

So much happened today that I couldn't eat breakfast. Ktut was here at the crack of dawn and upset me at breakfast by pointing at the ceiling and saying, "Tj. Putra", (meaning Tj. Putra Sudharsana of this courtyard, who died about six years ago) and then pointing to himself. I knew he was saying that soon he will die and then when I leave tomorrow I shall not see him again and that he will be with Tj. Putra. Since he is Sudra caste and Tj. Putra Ksatria, I am not sure how this will work out, but I am positive Ktut thinks it will happen. I always pray for Ktut in the house temple, although I am not sure how proper this is from the Balinese point of view. At some point I will ask Berata. I am sure Agung would not mind. Anyway, I have usually done it before I realize it might not be considered right.

Gusti Putu Taman gave me one of his paintings. I chose a lovely Giant about to eat Hanuman, the white monkey, who then ungratefully eats his way out of the Giant's stomach.

A Brahman came and explained about the different levels of Brahmins. It is so complicated that he said even he is still learning. Later I talked with a Balinese man of black and white magic. He said he knew someone whose wife was a victim of black magic. Apparently, so it was thought, her family was jealous and made her very ill after she had her first baby. It sounded a bit like post-natal depression but she had difficulty breathing as well, so who knows? Maybe they are right and perhaps we should reassess some of our own cases and maybe trace the cause of some of them to the in-laws. He used white magic to counteract the evil, and, of course, holy water. "Do like that," he kept saying to his wife, indicating ways in which holy water was to be drunk and used to wash the body. The white magic doctor also told him to tell his wife that he would do whatever she wanted in the future. (This would make any wife feel better I should think.)



The boar in the Baris Lelampahan



Time is passing quickly and I will be leaving soon. I rushed out to change travellers cheques and pay people for housing and goods and anything else I could think of. I bought two red woven sarongs for a bedspread, coffee, incense, tea, and cigarettes. I met a young Swiss man in a warung. He had bought my book and I signed it. He is staying in Pujung and studying carving. He had fasted for five days and resolved three problems. He decided he did not wish to marry for quite a few more years, he wrote to disengage himself from his church in Switzerland, and he had made the decision never to kill or injure anyone, for which decision he will have to go to jail instead of serving his conscription in the army. We discussed life at some length.

While we were sitting in the warung, a tourist said that as I seemed to know what I was doing in Bali, would I tell him what price he should pay for a painting he had seen—a big painting. Was US \$25 too much? I said there was no way I could possibly tell him the answer to that one. I asked him could he get one like it for \$25 in his own country? "Of course not," he said. I told him I had seen a gorgeous painting for \$1,000 and the painting was well worth the money. Since he had already bargained the price down from \$50, I asked him what more he could possibly want. If he liked it, he should buy it. But he was not interested in the picture, only that he not be made a fool of by paying one penny more than the least possible price (which I would have thought he had already arrived at). I gave up at this point and he at once became abusive, calling me sentimental, religious, and emotional. He said that this was just a business deal. I tried to explain that humanity and people are also deeply involved even in business deals, but he would have none of that and finally accused me of just being very rich. Well, rich is to some extent relative. I must work for at least half of each year in order to afford a car, pay rent, and buy food. The only possession I have is the car, and it is a 1971 Toyota. Oh well. I managed to change the conversation and leapt away as fast as I could before I lost my temper. I found that I was very angry, but I soon calmed down. It is sad that he is making himself so miserable over nothing. So what if someone should make a farthing off him. Why should it matter if someone did make a fool of him (and I doubt that \$25 could be the making of a very great fool)? Anyway, before leaving him I did recommend that he borrow my book from his university library and he took a note of it. He probably will, too, since he will not have to pay for it.

At dusk I asked if I could pray in the house temple, as I leave Bali early tomorrow morning. Afterwards I went to the Puri Saren to say goodbye and was delighted to see Gung Sri very happy and trotting in and out of the kitchen chatting with everyone. I was asked back to dinner at 6:30 p.m. and so dashed back to change. When I went back, Edmond and Martin, the two young men who have a house above Campuan, were on one side of the front verandah and about fifteen or more Balinese men were sitting in a circle on the other side. I was so touched to see that my wedding gift painting had been put there with two new beautiful portraits

of Agung, which are also wedding gifts. It was so pleasing to me that they had opened my gift so soon and displayed it. All the family were in the back courtyard, and Tj. Putra flitted from group to group but settled with us to explain the Balinese calendar and to read his horoscope and character, which was all very true, I must say. He told us that the Barong Nandini group from a nearby village had been cancelled because the leader of the gamelan had asked to be paid for the performance. Tj. Putra said that he was willing to pay, but that he felt it was not right to do so on an occasion like this. Either they dance for the wedding as a gift, or as the gift of a friend, or not at all.

We ate dinner on the back verandah, just all the family, Tj. Putra and Gung Sri, Oka, Gde, and Atun and her children, and all the wives of Agung, and also Gusti Biang and her daughter, Gung Alit, from my courtyard, and Gung Ti from Puri Sarenkauh. It was nice to have all these young people together in such an informal group. There were also a couple of Balinese men whom I did not recognize, and Edmond and Martin. During dinner they showed a movie of Agung's cremation made by a German group. It was beautifully photographed and I had never seen it before. All the young people sat on the floor watching and the rest of us were on chairs.

We left soon after dinner. I was saying goodbye to Gung Sri outside Agung's room, where all his things are, the portrait, lots of photos, his bed and sandals and toothbrush, when she asked, "Would you like to pay your respects to Grandfather?" I was delighted, as I love to go into his room and it felt right to say goodbye to him and thank him for all he has done for me.

I left the puri by the front gateway and found everyone sitting in the wantilan opposite waiting for the wayang kulit to begin. I watched for a while and finally tottered home at about 12:30 and slept till 3:30 a.m. People were stirring. Gusti Putu Taman gave me hot water to wash in and cooked two fried eggs for my breakfast. Gung Niang and all the boys were up to see me off. Berata was waiting with the car and we drove silently in the early dawn to the airport.

In the plane all the way to Hawaii, and for three days after, the music of the Baris Lelampahan throbbed through my head and bright images of Bali were constantly with me, but they fade, which is exactly the reason I write my journal, primarily for myself.

APPENDIX

The Royal Wedding

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The bride's headdress

## The Royal Wedding

"Mekerab." That is the right word for the wedding ceremony which had been held in the palace of Ubud on the 28th of October 1983. It was the wedding of the high caste family, and it was called "Mekerab" because the complete ceremonies held for it fulfilled the conditions written in the Balinese palm-leaf books, "Lontar." For the ordinary people, a wedding is called "Nganten" or simply "Mesakapan." However, in the modern age today, when people need solely seven hours to fly from Sydney to Bali, and to talk to your relatives in Helsinki or New York nowadays you should only dial a combination of numbers in the telephone office in Denpasar, a "Mekerab" sounds too fantastic for foreigners, especially those who never been to Bali to stay for a quite a long period of time.

In this special 12-page issue NAPI ORTI presents, in words and pictures, a complete report about the ceremony and its background. The Editor hereby would like to highly appreciate Tjokorda Gde Agung Suyasa (the Traditional Chief of Village of Ubud), and Tjokorda Gde Putra Sukawati (the bridegroom), and Tjokorda Istra Sri Tjandrawati (the bride), and also, Pak Tempo, Pak Geten, and many other villagers in Ubud, particularly Wayan Geranyam (the community leader of Sambahan) and Wayan Suwetja (the community leader of Ubud Klod), for their assistance, information, and their invaluable help.

### The Fifth Generation

In the beginning of the world discovery the Supreme God created two antagonistic powers called Purusa and Pradana, the Male and the Female powers, the Sun and the Earth, or the serpent Antabogha and the serpent Basuki. He and she were inseminated to produce human beings, land animals, fish, birds, trunked trees, and grass (Wong, Sato, Mina, Manuk, Taru, and Buku). They were put together on the earth to multiply themselves.

When it was always dark at night, the Supreme God created seven moons. One of them fell down on to the earth by accident. Of course it's continuous day and night illumination made everybody feel happy except the thieves. These wrong-doers could not steal anything when the nights were bright as the days. One of the thieves therefore extinguished the light by urinating upon the fallen moon. That moon was transformed onto a big solid bronze drum shaped like a sand glass of 186 cm (6 ft. 2 inch) long and 160 cm (5 ft. 3 inch) in diameter. The Balinese who just found it by accident believed that it was a sacred relic created by the deities themselves. They called the kettle gong Bulan Pejeng, the moon from the village of Pejeng, and it today rests on a 3 meter (9 ft. 6 inch) high shrine at the inner yard of the Hall of the Moon, the temple of Penataran Sasih.

This temple is famous amongst visitors, no different from the huge tombs, Gunung Kawi, which are located about 10 km to the north of

Pejeng. In this ancient relic you can find the row of tombs on the left bank of Pekerisan River, and the uppermost one is dedicated to King Udayana, who ruled Bali from 988 until 1011. It was during his leadership when Goa Gajah (the Elephant Cave without any elephant) was carved.

Udayana's eldest son was Airlangga, but this prince, instead of remaining in Bali, went to Java and devoted his life to his mother's Javanese ancestors. He inherited the East Javanese Mataram throne from his uncle and ruled the kingdom. When Airlangga was a ruling king, there was a widow (a Randa or a Rangda) by the name of Ni Tjalonarang, and since she lived in the village called Dirah she was also known as Rangdeng Dirah (the widow from Dirah). She had a very beautiful daughter, Ratna Menggali, but she had difficulties to find a husband, for everyone knew that her mother was a widow witch. Very often the Rangda practiced her magical power, causing sickness and fear amongst the villagers. She mercilessly killed the boy she disliked, and for the sake of her beliefs she dared to kill babies in order to strengthen her black power. This was heard by king Airlangga. He called on a priest, Empu Bharadah was his name, and the king ordered the old man to clear up the mess.

In the story above the priest could only defeat the Rangda after he ordered his son, Bahula, to marry Ratna Menggalli and stole the magic spell written on a piece of palm leaf. But important for us now is not the story. It is Empu Baradah, who had two sons, Siwa Gandu and Bahula.

In the genealogical-story book written by Sri Rshi Ananda Kusuma it is said that Bahula's oldest son was Empu Tantular, who had four children, the eldest of whom was Mpu Sidimantra. Sidimantra's fourth son was Mpu Kepakisan. This man was sent to Bali during the 14th century to rule the island. His son, Soma Kepakisan, had four children, but only the fourth inherited the throne. He was Dalem Ktut, who handed down the authority to his third son, Ktut Ngelesir. He was known by his title, Sri Smara Kepakisan (1380-1480). His only son, who inherited the crown, was known to be Waturenggong, the king with 200 wives; his grandson, to whom Waturenggong handed down the throne, was Dalem Seganing (1550-1665) who had at least 17 children. This king chose his second son, Dalem Di Made, to take over the authority, but unfortunately a warrior revolted against him in 1686 and when his guards took him away to Bangli he died in a village called Guliang.

The rebels ruled Gelgel from 1686 until the late king's son Dewa Agung Jambe attacked them back in 1705. They ran away to the west part of the island. Jambe wore the crown, but he did not want to live in the old quarter, instead he built a new palace in Klungkung and moved the capital of the kingdom from Gelgel to Klungkung in 1710.

The second son of Dewa Agung Jambe was appointed to rule an enclave in Sukawati (about 12 km to the south of Ubud, on the way to Denpasar),

and was titled Ida I Dewa Agung Anom Sukawati. This is the beginning of the Sukawati clan. The second generation was Tjokorda Gde Sukawati who moved to Ubud, for he was appointed a Punggawa (Minister) in charge of the Financial and State-Defense Affairs of the vassaldom of Peliatan. The third generation was Tjokorda Gde Raka, and the fourth was Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati, the founder of Museum Puri Lukisan Ubud and the State President of the East Indonesia when the country was a States Republic.

The fifth generation of Sukawati clan is Tjokorda Gde Putra Sukawati, the bridegroom who married Tjokorda Istri Sri Tjamdrawati on the 28th of October 1983.

#### He Did Not Know

"I don't know," that was all he answered when NAPI ORTI asked the bridegroom about his feeling. He probably just did not know how to express it.

As the bride and the bridegroom were born in the same quarters and were grown up in the same village—although in two different parts of the palace—they know each other quite well. They went to the same elementary school, and the same junior high school, and the same senior high school, but the Catholic system at the schools where they were studying separated girls from boys.

"I knew that we were at the same school and the same grade, but we never talked to each other. He was too shy," the bride said.

"She was fragile like an egg shell," the bridegroom said in the separate interview. "I could only see from a far distance. I knew she was my cousin, but we never got a chance to converse."

"Did not talk to each other" went on until Putra was ordered by his mother to visit a relative in Surabaya for a family occasion. He took a night bus, and he found out that Sri was in the same to go to the same address for the same purpose. However, his shyness of talking to the beautiful cousin was much stronger than his fear of facing the family indignation, until they reached the address and were seen of their being together so that he should talk. That was the beginning of their personal relationship. "It was the first time I thought that she was attractive," Putra added.

But from the bride side it seemed difficult to collect some personal opinions. She just smiled and blushed when the question went too far. That she was engaged to Putra, she knew very well because what their parents did was simply the official follow up of what they both had talked and agreed.

When Putra was graduated from the high school he went to Europe for a long holiday. It was when he stayed far away from his other half the

loneliness began to creep. He wrote a letter to his parents. "Dad and Mom. I like my cousin very much and I think I would like to marry her and bla...bla...bla."

The parent went to see the girl only to find that the answer was 'yes.' On the 23rd of July 1977, when their son was still in Europe, Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati and his wife officially proposed to Tjokorda Istri Sri Tjandrawati for their son Tjokorda Gde Putra Sukawati. The proposal was accepted without a problem. Traditionally, the girl should be taken by the proposers home on the date when their proposal was accepted. But in this case the bride was abroad, and both of them were not ready yet to begin with a marriage life.

"It was allowed by the traditional rule that the girl is left at her parents' compound," Tjokorda Agung Suyasa explained in a separate interview. Until the wedding day. But soon after she was engaged, she becomes part of the bridegroom's family, therefore it was the duty of Putra's family to take care of her. They should be responsible for her expenses and living cost. Clothing and whatever she needed, even though she was at her own parents' house, was paid by her fiancée. "It was a must."

The wedding day was decided by a Brahman priest Pedanda, Putra's parents accompanied by his uncles and the close relatives, went to see a Pedanda priest and asked him about the best wedding day. In this case, of course, the Pedanda listened to the parents' ideas about the bride and the bridegroom, about their study, about their readiness to marry, and after the approximate year had been mentioned the Pedanda took his Lontar palm-leaves book to calculate the horoscope and predictions.

Less than a year after the proposal God took Putra's father back to the origin. He was cremated together with his best friend's ash. The marriage should be delayed. Before they had decided the fixed wedding day, Tjokorda Raka Sudharsana, the bride's father died. Again the wedding had to be delayed.

"I had to begin with my saving again. Too many things should be arranged and restored. When the D-Day was decided two years ago, I was afraid that my saving would not be enough for the expenses."

He saved his money little by little from the income he earned from his two hotels and ricefields. In the beginning of this year the preparation began with his main quarter renovation. The house was old, and it needed a total restoration without changing its architectural design. According to Tjok Suyasa the palace itself was built in 1771 by the second generation of Sukawati clan. Originally it consisted of three main quarters. The remaining palace, which everybody can see now, was the main house and called Puri Saren, the Palace where the King sleeps. The two other additional quarters were in the hill nearby Champuhan river



and at an area called Bunutan. They were destroyed in the earthquake of 1917 and 1927, when Mount Batur erupted, causing quite a number of the palace's residents died. Only Puri Saren was almost undisturbed. This is why the other two were not renovated after the earthquake, besides another reason that too many people died there.

### The Party for Everybody

Wednesday, 28th October 1983.

The egg of dawn was just cracked and roosters were still crowing when groups of villagers began to cook in five community halls; Sambahan, Ubud Kaja, Ubud Tengah, Ubud Klod, and Taman. The noisy choppers accompanied the Gending Smaradana sung by one of the peasants decorated the bright sunlight and cooling breeze. Nobody went to the field, no cattle was led by the master. It was the party of everybody; farmers, peasants, artists, civil servants, students and their teachers, and even tourists who filled almost every vacant room in Ubud and the surrounding villages. Some of the visitors woke up very early only to join the peasant cooking at one of the public halls.

The pigs had been cut into pieces on Tuesday afternoon. I saw some people came on a truck, bringing with them their gamelan music instrument. So early the open truck. They went inside, into the part of the palace called Saren Agung, the Great King-Quarters, which should be reached through the outer gate, the main gate, and the inner gate. Another gamelan orchestra was set by the musicians themselves in the inner yard called Semanggen. At seven thirty they started to play. The orchestra in the Saren Agung played the classical Gambuh arrangement, with only a number of long bamboo flutes, some small cymbals, a small gong, and several metalophones. The one in the Semanggen yard played the Semar Pegulingan arrangement, the composition that should be played by using cotton-wrapped round strikers instead of the hammer-type knocker.

When the Bebonangan gong orchestra began to play its dynamic arrangements, with the flaps flaps of its drums and the gigantic vibrations from its cymbals, I slipped into the main building of Saren Agung to meet the family. On the programme, printed and circulated by BINA WISATA Information Board, it was written that the bridegroom would pick up the bride at 8:15 AM, but until 9:00 the family and relatives were remaining on the porch sitting in the thick red carpet with legs folded forming Lotus position. The bridegroom was sitting amongst them, chatting and talking about the family health and activities.

At about 9:30 they began to move. The bridegroom walked through the inner gate into the Semanggen Yard, and instead of turning right to the main gate he took the left footpath towards the east wing Saren Kangin Betenan, the compound in which the bride and her family lived. The whole family and relatives followed him. The gongs were playing, but the atmosphere was so calm and quiet that everybody was trying not to talk too loud.

There was a small house amongst many other small buildings in the east wing. The one facing the south was the main house where the bride was waiting for the bridegroom. The door was closed but not locked. Everybody sat on the floor, and at 9:55 AM the bridegroom's uncle, Tjokorda Puri Kantor, began officially speaking in the highest Balinese language, saying that he, on behalf of the late Tjokorda Gde Agung Sukawati and his family, would like to pick up a girl by the name of Tjokorda Istri Sri Tjandrawati to marry Tjokorda Gde Putra Sukawati.

"Well, my dearest cousin," the representative of the bride answered, also in the highest Balinese language. He was one of the uncles of the bride, who was also the Regent of Gianyar, Tjokorda Raka Dherana. He did not mind if the wedding is held.

From amongst the bridegroom's followers somebody moved forward, an old man of about 60, to sit before the closed door and began to sing. The song was a classical Balinese called Smaradhana, the love song, and before he finished the first rhyme another singer, who was a woman, began to sing the similar song but of the different verses. She was inside the room, and nobody could see her. For about a quarter of an hour they sang without musical accompaniment, then the door was opened from the inside. The bridegroom stood, stepped forward, and into the room he went, to be followed by the others. The bride came out, led by the bridegroom, covered in a large piece of yellow satin so that people could not see her face. Everybody followed the couple, walking slowly back to the bridegroom's palace, and before they stepped onto the stairs of the inner gate a number of men and women had been waiting for them for another ceremony.

The welcome ceremony was called "Mekalan-kalan," derived from the word "Kala," the Demon of time, and the Evil Spirits of Time "Bhuta Kala." It was to cleanse the couple from any evil spirit who might remain in their bodies and souls. This short ceremony had been completed within less than twenty minutes, and the bridegroom continued his walk, holding the bride as though he was protecting her from a dangerous situation, to go into the Saren Agung main building.

Leaving the room after several moments rest, which traditionally was the chance offered by the whole family to the couple to "know" each other in an intimate atmosphere, both the bridegroom and the bride appeared again to receive blessing in a ceremony consisted of several other parts of the Mekalan-Kalan. A Pemangku priest sprinkled holy water on the palms, forehead, and hair of the couple in order to purify them. They should "Mubuh" together (cooking some rice in an earthen container, selling and buying goods as if they were in a market, and cutting a white string to symbolize that they had decided to live together independently). But the most humorous act was the part when the bride held a piece of pleated coconut leaves looked like a mat, while the bridegroom held a kris to thrust the mat through. Laughter broke out, somebody launched an almost pornographic word only to be responded by

another word. "Make it bigger, young man." "Come on! Do it again." "O lala, it's so big!" and the bride blushed red.

Wednesday Evening.

In his own room, one of a couple of rooms in the main building, the bridegroom was dressed by his own uncle. It was just 2 PM, the sun was getting hot again after the rain dropped for almost an hour between 12:30 and 1:30. The electric fan in the room looked too tired to cool the air down. The Bebonangan orchestra had begun again in the outer yard Ancak Saji. The bridegroom was busy, trying to make his own belly smaller by means of a three meter long waistband. His sarong had been replaced by a gold-painted Endek cloth, his headdress was gold-embroidered purple, and his gold-embroidered black jacket was cut high in its back to allow the kris to settle itself on his back. The headdress and cloth was made by a well-known weaver from Klungklung, and the jacket was an exclusive order by a palace tailor in Java who used to design the suites for numerous royal families and the Susuhunan of Solo.

Again the written programme was not exactly fulfilled. One by one the guests came to fill the inner yard, the Semanggen yard, and the west wing. The Governor of Bali was sitting on a big chair under the roof of the west building. Almost two thousand invited guests attended the ceremony, not including the villagers and tourists who filled the outer yard and along the road between the palace and the family temple. Six cooks were busy preparing the dinner for two thousand guests. The main kitchen was full of many members of the women clubs from the surrounding communities.

At 3:00 the bride and bridegroom left their room. Wearing gold leaves—and—flowers crown the bride looked like an angel in the children story-book. Her kebaya shirt was purple, and her sarong was that of the finest woven cloth. Before they reach the main-house stairs two couples of men were ready to shoulder them. They were taken to the open building in the middle of the inner yard, on which large table the Pedanda priest had been ready with his fragrant incense, holy water, and spread offerings. He had been praying since the bride and bridegroom were in their rooms. He then blessed them with flowers, offerings, incense, and holy water. It took at least a half of an hour before the couple were allowed to go to the family shrines Penrajan Agung. They should be shouldered by men again, and in the outer yard two palanquins had been ready to take them through the outer gate on to the main road and up the family shrines. The procession was led by two rows of traditional warriors with their flags, spears, and krises. Two huge umbrellas shading the bride and bridegroom, and the Bonangan orchestra accompanied the procession with their glamorous play.

When the sun was slipping down behind the coconut trees, and from a distance the Bonangan vibrated the air with their music, the whole family were praying devotionally sitting on the ground and meditating in the

open. Everything was so intense, sacred, and religious. Everybody were sitting, or squatting, or standing quiet, except some tourists and TV crews who impolitely climbed the higher ground only to take a better position for their cameras. They were giggling and joking when the royal family were praying. The blue uniformed TV crews did not even put a scarf on their waist, let alone traditional Balinese costume, and two of them wore blue jeans and spoke Balinese fluently.

Coming back from the family shrines the bride and bridegroom were blessed again by the Pedanda priest before they were allowed to have dinner together with the guests. And after dinner, at 7:00, one by one the guests were given chances to congratulate the just-married couple. It took almost one and a half hour for them to receive the congratulation, during which the Topeng Wali dance was played in the outer yard to be followed by the Baris Lelampahan, an almost forgotten dance performing Arjuna Wiwaha story taken from an episode of Mahabharata epic.